Table of Contents

1. USSR x Reader x Son!Russia - Just Like His Father
2. Headcanons: Being America's Daughter...
3. Headcanons: Being Russia's Mother...
4. Headcanons: Being America's Daughter [Part II]
5. Headcanons: Being Russia's Mother [Ending]
6. Headcanons: Being America's Daughter [Ending]
7. Russia x Reader - Some things...
8. Martial Law x Reader - It Was A Secret
9. Ottoman Empire x Reader - The Witch
10. Third Reich x Reader - Broken Dreams
11. North Korea x Reader - Let Me Take You
12. Soviet Union x Reader - Challenging History ( )
13. East Germany x Reader - Chasing Shadows
14. Good Morning Y'all
15. United Kingdom x Pregnant!Reader - Patience
16. Bullet Points: Living With Russia, Germany And America
17. Bullet Points: Living With Russia, Germany And America [Part II]
18. Bullet Points: Living With Russia, Germany And America [Ending]
19. USSR x Reader - Go Back, Come Home
20. Good Morning
21. Good Evening, Y'all
22. America x Reader - Better Than Him ( )
23. Headcanons #1
24. Ladies and Gentlemen

USSR x Reader x Son!Russia - Just Like His Father

[image]

You sighed as you heard your husband grunt at your son's whining.

You were currently trying to read a book in the living room, having left your little son, Russia, playing with his toy soldiers in his father's office. It was Soviet's turn to keep an eye on him but, obviously, the mighty USSR was too busy handling state affairs to take care of a kid.

Now, normally, Russia is a quiet kid; he's calm and rarely gives you any trouble. But he's a little demanding, he likes to be the center of attention, and you loved giving your full attention to him. But for his father, it was quite a different story. They tend to collide from time to time, since the stoic veteran is not one for showing affection, even to you. It's not like he didn't love you, he does. He loves his family with all his heart, he just shows it in a different way.

"(Y/N)! REPORT TO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!" You heard Soviet command as Russia kept whining even louder. You simply shook your head and sat your book down in the small coffee table before standing up and walking to his office.

As you slid the door open, Russia turned around and ran to you. "Мамочка, мамочка! Папа's being mean again!" He held to you with his little arms as he glared at his father, who rubbed his temples and gritted his teeth trying to keep his composure. You felt kind of bad for him, after all, it was you who raised Russia to be such a spoiled little kid. That had never been your intention though, you just loved him a lot and wanted him to have a happy and fulfilled childhood, unlike yours or your husband's.

USSR stood up and walked up to you, hands on his back. "That kind of conduct is unacceptable, (Y/n)." He stated, looking down at you

like he was looking at a soldier who just failed the simplest of tasks. "I hold you responsible for his insolence."

His words hurt you like a punch to your heart and you locked your gaze to the ground as you felt tears welling up on your eyes, Russia quickly noticed this and stood in front of you, glaring at his father. "Hey! Don't talk to мамочка like that!" Yours and Soviet's eyes widened at this and he looked like he was about to snap at the kid before you interrupted.

"Russia, how about you go to your room?" You asked him, keeping your head down. He looked over to his father, who didn't look too friendly, before looking back at you and shaking his head. "If I leave you, he will yell at you, because he's mean!"

You wanted to hide in the deepest hole you could find in the farest land you could reach. Looking up slightly, you noticed your husband was struggling to not break down, pacing around with his face hidden on the palm of his hand. "Russia, I'm serious. Go to your room." He looked at you with a disappointed expression but did not protest, instead just grabbed his toys and went upstairs, leaving you alone with the very stressed Soviet man. "He's just a kid. Don't get mad at him please."

Soviet stopped pacing, but his back was facing you. "'Don't get mad at him?' Then who am I supposed to blame for such insolence?" He turned around to stare down at you.

Your eyes escaped his gaze, looking everywhere but him. "H- How about... You start taking responsability for this?" Finally daring to look up at him, trying to sound as strong as you possibly could. You knew you wouldn't intimidate him, but you also knew not to let him get to you.

"And why should I? It was your job to raise our kid."

"If he's 'OUR' kid, then why would you leave me to raise him on my own?!" He was clearly taken aback by your words, but remained still. This gave you a bit of confidence as you continued taking a few steps further. "You aren't present at all. Whenever you have to take care of him, you just appoint another republic to do it for you.

Russia is starving for your attention, for your love, and you just ignore him."

Now it was his turn to shift his gaze, as you stood right in front of him. "You..." You trailed off, you were sure your next words will get you in a world of troubles, but someone had to say it. "... you're just like your father."

A dreadful silence fell in the room. The superpower looked like he had been stabbed where it hurt him the most, you began to feel guilty but shrugged it off. You only said the truth. He quietly walked back to his desk and sat down in his chair. "Leave." He muttered almost inaudibly but you heard it perfectly due to the silent in the room. You obeyed and left, closing the door behind you. You let out a big sigh before walking upstairs, to Russia's bedroom.

You found him sitting on his bed, playing with a toy tank and a stuffed bear. He looked up at you once you walked near him and his face lit up. "Мамочка!" He threw his arms around you once you sat down on his bed. "Did he yell at you?" He looked up, making the most serious face you've seen from him, holding his toy tank threateningly as if holding a weapon ready to be shot in your defense. You chuckled and shook your head. "No, Russia. Your father didn't yell at me." His expression softened up at this. "But he's not mean. He's just... Distant. He still loves you a lot."

He folded his arms to his chest and looked away. "If he loves me so much, why won't he spend time with me?"

You were about to answer when a knock on the door interrupted you. You turned towards the sound to find your husband standing at the doorway, before he could even emit a sound though, Russia got up from the bed and walked to the other side of his room, sitting in front of the window, staring at the exterior. You looked at him and sighed. Standing up, you walked out of the room to give them both privacy.

Soviet looked around the room, he had never actually been to his

son's room before. He noticed the amount of propaganda splattered everywhere. War posters hanged on the wall, toy replicas of actual satellites scattered on the floor. But the cherry on top was a photo on his nightstand, besides his lamp; it was a photo of him holding Russia in his arms when he was just a few hours old. He was so small, he could've fit him in just one hand. USSR chuckled when he remembered that day. "What's so funny?" Russia asked, looking at his father with a frown.

The Soviet sat down on the floor, near his son. "Nothing. Where did you get all this?" He asked him, to which the smaller nation simply shrugged without taking his eyes away from the window. "I just... Collect things... Мамочка helps me find stuff too." He pointed at a small Sputnik laying on the floor. "I made that one a week ago, with scraps of metal... Like the one you did." His voice was soft and held a mix of pride and sadness. USSR went up to where the toy laid and picked it up. It certainly was heavy, and it looked exactly like the real Sputnik. "I'm impressed. How long did it take you to make this?" His father's words made him turn around to look at him in bewilderment.

"About two days. It would've taken me less but мамочка wasn't feeling very well." He answered before standing up and retrieving something from his desk. It was a journal he uses to draw his blueprints in. He hesitantly showed it to his father, who carefully went through every page. He was amazed, to say the least. The drawings were precise, the elements listed to use in each design were correct. And Russia is only 8! "You did all of these?" USSR asked, looking at his son's eyes as they slowly lit up with excitement. Russia nodded his head. "Wow... You know, you may be able to build your own spaceships one day." Russia gasped at this statement, his whole face lit up with happiness, before his smile disappeared and his head fell down again. "But... Will you help me?"

Soviet hesitated, he still had paperwork to do, but one look at Russia's face was enough to decide what was more important for him. "Of course I will." USSR smiled at him, a gentle, warm smile like the one he had in the picture sitting on Russia's nightstand. Russia immediately jumped up and grabbed his father's hand,

pushing him to his "workplace", and showing him his many designs and the many ideas that came to his mind on how to realize them.

After a while, you noticed there was too much silence in your son's room and quietly walked upstairs. Maybe USSR had left for his office again and Russia was trying to keep quiet after being scolded. Your blood boiled at this thought and you quickened your pace until reaching the door. Opening it slowly and carefully, your eyes immediately fell on the two figures at the desk. Russia sat in Soviet's lap, snoring quietly, while the latter held him tightly, sleeping in a very uncomfortable position. You could tell he fell asleep after Russia and did not want to move as to not wake him up. You smile and let out a sigh of relief.

Walking up to them, you give each a kiss goodnight before leaving the room, turning off the lights behind you. As you came downstairs, your mind went back to the small stick-like object that was hidden beneath your pillow, and the plus sign it showed after using it a week ago. Smiling to yourself, you run a hand down your stomach and went back to your book.

Headcanons: Being America's Daughter...

[image]

... And Russia's girlfriend? (Part I)

I had this one on my mind for a really long time lmao

Requests for this kind of format are open but always keep in mind they're not exactly fanfictions, they're literally just memes (made with <3 and uwu's). Have fun and enjoy!

Disclaimer: All Russian was translated from Google Translate, don't bully a homie for trying.

• America tends to be reckless, obnoxiously oblivious and very irresponsible

• Imagine his shock when he was told he was a father

• He wouldn't believe it at first

• Someone must be looking for attention

• But once he looks into your shiny baby eyes

• It was at this moment that he knew he f-

• You were from [INSERT CONTINENT]

• Your mother left you at his doorstep and he never found out who it was

• Not that he cared to know who was selfish enough to leave a baby alone in a whole new continent, with some stranger

• He was clueless at first, can you blame him?

• "Where can I buy diapers? And how do I put diapers on a baby?"

• That night he barely closed his eyes for five minutes

• Thank God for time differences because he called his father at least five times throughout the morning

• *"Are you sure everything's okay?"*

• "Yeeees daaaaad! Now, hypothetically speaking, if I were to have a baby, where would I buy diapers from?"

• *"... Did you just impregnate someone I swear to God boy don't test me-"*

• Even though he cried more than you, it was love at first sight...

• Or more like at first DNA test

• When you turned 4 you asked him for a pupper

• He allowed it and adopted a beautiful golden retriever

• You called him Freedom, because freedom is beautiful

• He cried like a baby and took many photos of you with Freedom

• You sometimes visited uncle Canada or uncle Mexico

• Uncle Canada loved to take you skiing and teach you new moves on the ice

• Uncle Mexico taught you lots of Spanish

• Although he once got in trouble for teaching you a nickname to call your dad

• Turns out "gordo pendejo" didn't actually translate to "United States"

• Other times grandpa Britain would come to visit

• He would force dad to wear expensive, bougie suits and dad would complain about them being scratchy and "out of style"

• You loved wearing pretty dresses to meet grandpa and his eyes would always water when he saw you wearing your plastic crown

• He would sit you on his lap and tell you stories about the *mighty British Empire, ruler of the waves*

• You would fall asleep in the blink of an eye

• Freedom grew up and dad decided to train him to always protecc you and atacc for you

• But most importantly

• To have snacc with you

• So that when dad was freeing some other countries in other parts of the world, he wouldn't have to worry about commies *threatening your freedom* haha get ɪt

• Despite your age you were always dad's little girl

• *Did you mean **overprotective**?*

• Dad bought you everything and anything you wanted whenever you wanted it

• You guys did everything together

• When you turned 11 something happened with you and dad got extremely upset about it

• He had a pediatrician explain to you how your body was changing and what "period" meant

• Meanwhile he was crying, possibly having a midlife crisis

• His little girl was not so little anymore

• :((((((

• He got stricter overnight

• Made a new list of rules to follow when unsupervised

• Although you're never unsupervised

• "Something, something, something"

• "**NO BOYS IN THE HOUSE**"

• Ok??????

• These new rules didn't really affect your life that much

• The curfew sucked but you could live with it

• And all your friends were girls anyway

• Still dad's ~~little~~ girl

• :'))))))

• One day dad told you that a *not so friend* would come over to speak

• Been there, done that

• Dad would have these meetings and reunions all the time, you already know to be quiet and interrupt as little as possible

• ~~Except when he scratches his nose with his left hand, which is a code for you to make up an excuse for him to get out of the room~~

• So you sit in the living room couch and watch TV while dad takes Freedom outside

• Couple minutes pass and there's a ring on the doorbell

• You quietly sneak to the doorway of the living room and lean to have a good view

• *Gasp*

• Dad had told you ~~horror~~ stories about this man so you never actually expected to have him literally inside your house

• He was taller than dad, much bigger and his deep voice seemed to echo through the house, like a typical villain voice would

• Your eyes travel behind him and you noticed someone else

• A boy that seemed your age

• "(Y/n)!"

• Dad's voice sounded very hyped which was a sign that he was uncomfortable

• You walk up to them, staring at the floor in fear of the giant man

• "This is the Soviet Union, sweetheart, remember I told you about him?"

• *Nod, nod*

• "And that's his son, Russia."

• You smiled at the awkward boy and waved

• He looked up at his father, who nodded at him, before answering with a shy wave of his own

• While the adults sat in the big table and talked about adult stuff, you invited Russia to play with you on the living room- With his father's permission

• Russia didn't speak English so it was kinda hard to speak to him

• Instead of playing The Game of Life like you would with your friends, you two just watched cartoons in silence

• You noticed that Russia had a habit of covering his eyes during the commercial break

• You thought it was cute

• You also noticed how he would gape and his eyes would sparkle at any mild violent scene, like when Tom got hurt trying to chase for Jerry

• You giggle quietly, calling his attention, making him blush and mutter under his breath

• "Мама не позволяет мне смотреть это." **("Mom doesn't let me watch this.")**

• You didn't understand but you still thought it was cute

• The night ends and Russia and his dad leave

• Dad feels better but you wished you could've spent more time with Russia

• *Oh well-*

• For your 16th birthday, dad made you a very big party

• Since you liked pop music, dad brought some band you never heard of before but he loved- WHAM!

• "Daaaaad, I wanted Queen!"

• "Careless Whisper" made you shiver

• And not in the good way

• Now that you were older you tried to be less dependant of dad

• Doesn't mean he complied

• To protecc yourself you asked him to train you just like he does almost everyday

• His answer was a resounding:

• "**NO**"

• Along with a:

• "Why don't you just go to one of those aerobics classes young people go to nowadays?"

• >:(

• Since he wasn't cooperating you took matters into your own hands

• You didn't watch aerobics workouts on TV

• You simply sneaked out of home when dad was sleeping to go for a morning jog before he woke up

• >:)

• It seemed like a good plan, you were exercising and getting in shape, while also being dad's little angel or whatever he calls you nowadays

• Squats, push ups, jumping Jacks, you name it- If your dad was doing it on the army, you would do it on your morning jog as well!

• You also had your Walkman with you at all times, since you love pop music

• This morning you were listening to the Jackson 5 for some of that nostalgic inspiration

• You start jogging with a smile on your face, following little Michael's rythm

• *"Tryin' to live without your love is one long, sleepless night"*

• In your usual route -the one you designed specifically to not get caught-, you encounter another person just walking with their hands on their pockets, like a lost soul

• What kind of crazy lunatic would go out for a walk at 5 a.m.?

• ~~you and this guy apparently~~

• *"Let me show you girl that I know wrong from right"*

• You carefully walk up to him, thinking he may be lost or in need

of some help

• And if he tried anything, you're ready to kick ass as well

• *"Every street you walk on, I leave tear stains on the ground"*

• You took your headphones off as you neared this man, whose back was strangely *familiar?*

• You gently tap on his shoulder, causing him to freeze completely

• "Excuse me,, sir? Are you lost?"

• He hissed some foreign words under his breath before turning around to face you

• *"Following the girl I didn't even want around"*

• "No, I am only-"

• ...

• "Russia?!"

• "(Y/n)?"

• You turned off your Walkman to place your full attention on the man standing in front of you

• You couldn't be happier, you were smiling so hard your dimples got dimples of their own

• "I can't believe you're here! Look at you, you've grown so much!"

• To put emphazis you extended your arms to reach his shoulders, which made him tense up and blush deeply under your touch

• "Ты тоже." **("You Too.")**

• Russia was studying English, he still needs help understanding certain words but it's easier to hold a conversation with him now

• You learned that Russia was here for a reunion his father had with

your dad

• Dad never told you about a reunion with the USSR?

• He also told you he wasn't really lost, he was just sightseeing out of boredom

• He said he has insomnia, poor baby

• You wondered how much he had truly changed

• Since he was out sightseeing -and you still had to walk/jog 6 miles- you took him to the Reflecting Pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial

• You two walk around it as the sun rises on the horizon

• He talks about his younger siblings, who were born after you last met

• You really don't talk much, thinking his life sounded far more interesting

• He stopped talking after a while, and you noticed he wasn't really staring at the pool

• He wasn't staring at the horizon, the trees, the clouds, not even at the Lincoln Memorial

• He was staring at you

• He wasn't exactly agape and his eyes had a different kind of sprakle

• So he did kinda change a lot

• "Do I have monkeys on my face?"

• He chuckled; the first time you've heard him laugh

• "No, it's just you are wearing workout clothes."

• "So?"

• "I just have hard time believing Америка would allow his only daughter to run alone so late."

• *Scoff*

• "And I am having a hard time believing the Soviet Union would allow his eldest son to go "sightseeing" alone so late- On his enemy's territory, of all places."

• "... Touché."

• He smiled at you and you thought he was cute

• Russia and you walked up to one of the nearby trees and sat down under it to continue your chat

• "What is that?"

• "This? It's my Walkman, gift from Japan for my birthday!"

• You offered him your headphones and he carefully put them on

• You play the next song on your mixtape

• *"Ooga-Chaka Ooga-Ooga"*

• He immediately turns to you with a confused and slightly scared expression on his face

• You giggle but say nothing, allowing him to pay attention to the song

• *"I can't stop this feeling deep inside of me"*

• *"Girl, you just don't realize what you do to me"*

• He's now immersed on the song as he stares ahead, seemingly analyzin the lyrics

• You smile at him and rest your head on his shoulder, closing your eyes and holding his arm with your hands

• *"When you hold me in your arms so tight"*

• *"You let me know everything's all right"*

• A single person walks past you through the Memorial calling your attention as you raise your head

• "Wait, what hour is it?"

• "What-?"

• ***"I'm hooked on a feeling"***

• Soon hundreds and hundreds of tourists and visitors were all around you

• It was at this moment you knew you f-

• "My dad's going to kill me when he realizes I'm not there!"

• "I might ground you but I would never kill you, (Y/n/n)."

• *Did you mean **dramatic entrance**?*

• Dad appeared seemingly out of nowhere, wearing his workout clothes but without a drop of sweat on it

• Uh-oh

• "Uh-oh indeed."

• "Mr. Америка I can-"

• "No, no you can't, buddy."

• America was glaring poison at Russia, and his blood reached a boiling point when he noticed your Walkman's headphones around his neck

• "So this is what you call a strategy?! Manipulating my little girl-!"

• He moved closer to Russia, knuckles white from the friction in his hands

• Russia instinctively stood his ground although his face proved just

how scared he really was

• You jumped in front of dad, putting your hands on his chest, trying to talk some sense into him

• "Dad, please-!"

• If the Soviet Union saw any scratch on his boy and no motive behind it, it's game over for everyone

• And America knows it

• He easily pushed past you

• "You're telling your father what you did today."

• And snathed your Walkman and it's headphones from him

• "Or I'll do it myself."

• He then turned around and grabbed you by the arm

• It hurt but that's not the reason you're crying

• You were dragged away from Russia as he helplessly stares at you, already knowing how much trouble awaited him and his entire family after this

• America will be deep in the cold, cold ground before he allows that commie -or anyone else- to hurt his daughter

• His angel, his sweet little peanut, his pumpkin seed, his adorable tiny bean- You're still his daughter and, by God, he'll have that Russian's head if he needs to

• You're still dad's little girl

Headcanons: Being Russia's Mother...

[image]

[Spin-off of America's Daughter headcanon mini-series]

I know you guys wanted a continuation of the first story and I'm all up for doing a sequel with details that will be omitted in this. I just wanted these stories to merge for some insight into another point of view. You don't really need to read these chapters to understand the main plot-line, as this is a series of its own.

I thought on splitting this chapter into two parts , but decided against it since that would make it a three part story , so head's up- It's long . Enjoy !

Warning: Sensitive topics addressed ahead.

• "I hate American hotels!"

• You really do

• "You're making me regret bringing you here, (Y/n)."

• "Shut up, Советский. You can't even wipe your ass without me." **(Soviet)**

• Cue Russia laughing

• "You stop laughing, lest you get one of these."

• He points at you, earning a smacc in return

• Russia keeps laughing

• You smile and continued unpacking, putting away your little son's

clothes on the awful drawers of the awful hotel room

• Your husband was helping you as best as he could

• He might've built some of the deadliest weapons known to mankind

• But he can't fold his own boxers even if his life depended on it

• Little Russia was watching TV to pass time

• Soviet had instructed him to ignore American commercials

• So whenever they came on, little Russia would cover his eyes and softly hum some kid's song to drown out the noise

• You raised an angel

• "Ugh how ıs thıs so dıfficult?ı"

• *Sigh*

• "Move over, rookie."

• Obviously you ended up folding Soviet's clothes as well

• ~~Honestly, why did you marry this guy?~~

• "Russia, turn that off and dress up!"

• Soviet was meant to meet America to talk about trade or something

• You really couldn't care less

• He brought Russia to teach him how to handle foreign affairs

• And he brought you to take care of you, since you're seven months pregnant

• Even though you know the real reason you're here is so you can take care of your 9-year-old son and your 65-year-old ~~mistake~~ husband

• They'll probably starve or accidentally declare war on all continents without you there to help them

• Russia turned the TV off and went to pick up the clothes you left apart for him to wear to this important reunion

• In the meantime, Soviet tried to lecture you on what you need to do in case of an emergency

• "Something, something, something."

• "**DON'T CALL 911**, I don't trust them."

• "So you expect me to sit still and wait for you even if this room catches fire?"

• "It sounds bad when you put it that way but yes."

• Russia came out of the bathroom wearing a blue and white stripped sweater, similar to the shirts wore by the Navy, and black pants

• He looked adorable

• Soviet kept talking about what to do in case the room spontaneously combusted

• You know he's just anxious to leave you alone

• Honestly, you're scared too, but someone has to put on their grown up pants

• So you kiss him to shut him up and push him away before he can change his mind

• Russia hugs you and kisses your tummy

• Soviet puts his ushanka on before opening the door

• *Ahem*

• He turns around to look at you, confused and annoyed

• You nod your head to your tummy

• He sighs but walks back to you anyway, kneeling down to look at your bump

• "Listen here, коротышка, you better stay there until I'm back or we'll have serious problems." **(runt)**

• You giggle quietly and your eyes start to water

• Must be the hormones

• He puts his hand on one side of your belly, earning a kicc in return

• "Я тебя обожаю." **("I adore you.")**

• You may or may not have cried

• When they were gone, you took your time to put away the remaining clothes

• Cook some dinner for them to eat when they return

• And finally, wobble your way to the bed and watch some TV

• You wanted to see what was so good about American TV anyway

• There were lots of fun shows actually!

• One of them was about a US operative and a KGB agent teaming up on a secret society called "UNCLE" or something like that

• The character of Napoleon Solo reminded you of America quite a lot so you deduced he must've been inspired by him

• You wondered if the sexy Russian Illya Kuryakin was inspired by your husband

• Was he really seen as some sort of ambiguous and enigmatic sex-symbol here on the west?

• You felt something akin to pride overwhelming you

• You change the channel quickly, fearing you may get a crush on a fictional character

• ~~That'd be stupid, right?~~;

• You ended up watching a show about a funny family with six children

• And before you know it, you've fallen asleep

• You wake up a while later, tucked underneath the blankets

• The same muscular, hairy arms wrapped protectively around you just like every night

• "You either let go of me or I pee on the bed."

• You get up in the morning ready to wake Russia up but

• To your surprise

• He's already awake

• You find your boys on the kitchen, with a bowl of cereal and a cup of coffee respectively

• Russia's blabbering about something

• And Soviet stares at him, nodding once in a while as if he actually knew what his son was saying

• You chuckle before joining them

• You're used to Russia's excited blabber so you can keep up with him and translate to your very confused husband

• He's talking about last night

• Apparently he didn't stay with his father, instead he went to play with America's daughter

• But the language barrier made conversation difficult between them so they settled on watching cartoons

• Wait, cart-??

• "Oh, really? What kind of cartoons did you watch, Russia?"

• "Uhm..."

• "Not the ones I told you not to watch, I'm sure."

• He grabbed a spoonful of cereal and shoved it on his mouth to avoid answering

• "Exactly. Besides, I'm sure your father would've never allowed you to watch them anyway."

• Soviet looked away, sipping loudly from his empty cup

• They'll be the death of you, you're sure

• Days went by and soon you're all back in Moscow

• Even though you're back to the same old routine, Russia always found a time of the day to keep talking about America's daughter

• You don't need to be told to understand Russia has a crush on her

• And it's really cute

• But he has to move on eventually, especially considering they never spoke a word to each other after last time they met

• If he was anything like his father though, you knew he wouldn't give up on her that easily

• And you were right

• "Knock, knock."

• "Making the noise yourself defies the purpose of actually knocking the door."

• You laugh as you walk into Russia's room sitting on his bed, beside him

• "You can't sleep?"

• He shook his head

• Russia had gotten insomnia a few years back, following the birth of his brother

• At first you thought it was a trick, an attempt to call attention out of jealousy

• But the child psychiatrist told you insomnia was just one of many symptom of depression Russia showed

• Depression is a common psychiatric condition on Soviet's family

• He himself suffers of it constantly

• The psychiatrist also said that maybe the birth of his brother had worsened the depressive disorder developing inside Russia's mind

• Whatever it was, you blamed yourself for not being able to help him sooner or at all

• He's in a constant state of anxiety and tends to get aggressive at times

• More often than not, his moodiness is directed to your husband

• And more often than not, you find yourself yelling your vocal chords out after Soviet responds in the form of a punch to Russia's face

• "I've packed your things... And your dad's stuff too."

• He chuckles weakly, he's too tired to even laugh

• "This is really important for your father and Mr. Америка. I know we're putting a lot of preassure on you but I want you to know just how proud I am of you."

• Okay, you're crying, but you're also telling the truth

• "I know, мама."

• You wipe away your tears and kiss his forehead before leaving him to -hopefully- rest

• You wake up at morning by the cries of your younger daughter and the complaints of your husband

• ~~Too many kids, sovvy? should've thought about that before, buddy~~

• You get up and get ready to start the day going up to Russia's room afterwards

• You let out a relieved sigh as you see his eyes closed and his chest rise and fall slowly, peacefully

• Finally

• He has a tendency to pretend to be asleep for you, but you've learnt the differences between a fake snore and a real one with time

• So you close his bedroom door and go downstairs, to chaos

• It's time to tame the four-headed beast and save the poor war vet of its grasp

• Like you do every morning

• You eventually have to wake Russia up and feed him a nutritious breakfast

• He's moody today so you allow him to eat in his room

• After a while he comes downstairs, wearing a hood over his ushanka

• Doesn't say good morning

• Soviet is already getting irritated

• They'll be the death of you, for sure

• An official vehicle comes to pick them up to get them to the airport

• The kids take their turns to greet their father goodbye

• And you take your chance to talk to Russia

• "Always listen to your father. Eat well, and take a warm bath every night when you can't sleep."

• "Hmm-hm."

• Even though he doesn't listen to you or take you seriously

• "I love you, Russia."

• "I know, мама!"

• He gets annoyed and storms off to the car, not bothering on saying goodbye to his siblings

• Soviet seems absolutely ready to beat his ass

• But you stop him by hugging him

• "Please take care of him, please!"

• Your voice brought him back to reality and he hugged you back, promising to do his best with Russia

• When they were gone, you stood in the same place for a couple of minutes before the kids start complaining about wanting to get inside

• You are now completely outnumbered

• Not much time passes until you receive the first phone call

• Soviet called to make sure everything was okay

• "Except for a few quarrels here and there and the occasional scrapped knee, we're all alive!"

• He chuckles, a hint of sadness in his voice

• You know he's upset about leaving you and the babies alone

• You'd be lying if you said you weren't sad about him leaving you, but someone has to put on their grown up pants

• "How's Russia?"

• Soviet sighs on the other end

• *"He's fine. He's locked himself on his room ever since we arrived to the hotel."*

• You let out an involuntary, shaky sigh

• *"He'll be alright. I promise I won't do anything to him."*

• That really didn't help your nerves

• Everything went well from then on

• The kids behaved almost as good as Russia when he was younger

• You wondered if maybe Soviet's own anxiety is what makes them anxious and hyperactive

• They're angels when they're with you, but don't get along well with each other

• Especially the twins

• Out of nowhere, you received a phone call, from Soviet himself

• He shouts something about coming home the next day

• Russia was screaming in the background

• Between profanities from both sides, you can pick up

• Frustration and anger on Soviet's tone

• And fear and exhaustion on Russia's

• The line cuts off before you can reply

•

• The next day you wake up extra early

• You don't wake the kids to greet their father and brother

• As the men are most likely not in the mood for that

• You stand on the doorway as the same car pulls over

• Soviet exits it first, taking their luggage off the back of the car and leaving it besides it

• When Russia doesn't get out by himself, Soviet opens the door and throws him out, into the ground

• You try to run to Russia's aid but Soviet takes him by the neck of his shirt and drags him inside despite all your protests

• "**WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!**"

• Soviet threw him onto a chair in the kitchen

• Russia looks horrible

• Both his eyes are black, his face is filled with bruises and cuts, his wrists are covered in bandages

• The fabric of his clothes was all torn, filthy and fetid

• He was in pure agony, both physically and mentally

• You can't process anything

• "I told you you'll regret it, didn't I?"

• Soviet whispered at Russia, each word filled with venom

• His pupils were constricted

• You never saw him like this

• You're scared

• He looks at you and you immediately freeze

• At this point you're prepared to get hit

• Or worse, anything's possible

• "Do you want to know what your darling son did?"

• He walked slowly to you, with each step forward you took a step back until your back hit the kitchen wall

• "He costed me everything I had."

• He grabbed you by the arms, lifting you up so that you were at eye level with him, slamming your back to the wall in the process

• "HE RUINED EVERYTHING I EVER BUILT!"

• His voice sounded manical at this point

• You now realize what's happening

• He's having an episode

• You've only seen it once, before you even got married

• His hands bruise your arms but you force yourself to ignore it

• You look at him with the most angry expression you can pull off through the pain and fear

• "Советский Союз, stop right now!" **(Soviet Union)**

• In a robotic fashion, he seemed to *turn off*, let got of you and stood up upright looking ahead, waiting for further instruction like any good soldier

•

• You spent the next few hours tending to Russia's injuries

• At least the superficial ones

• You don't know how to fix broken ribs and a fibula fracture

• You can hear the kids crying for you upstairs, too scared to come down for themselves

• "I didn't do anything, I promise."

• According to Russia, the Soviet-American space program had been completely cancelled due to some misunderstandings involving America's daughter

• And when Soviet found out, he cried

• The peak of a life of hard work for the Soviet Union

• Gone, just like that

• You can't imagine what he felt like

• The amount of sorrow and desperation that could've triggered this dissociative state

• You look up at him, he's standing still, trembling ever so slightly

• You know nothing can justify what he did

• He almost killed his own son

• Russia was told he was a stalker, a spy, among many other nasty things you dare not mention

• He put up with the war veteran's beatings for two days

• A simple boy, forced to fend for himself against a man that's known for his brutality and cruelty

•

• You don't know how you'll get out of this one

•

• For once in your life, you don't see a way out

•

Headcanons: Being America's Daughter [Part II]

[image]

Nobody :
Not a soul :
Absolutely no one :
Me : *PAAAAART TWOOOO CAN I GET A BOOYAH CAN I GET A YEEHAW*

This one is really sad , just a heads up . But don't worry , it'll get worse ! :D E njoy !

• It's been only two months since you last saw Russia

• You overheard dad at the phone with USSR the night of the "incident"

• Dad dismissed their reunion and forced them to go back to Moscow empty-handed

• The guilt is killing you, but dad won't accept your explanations

• "This was their plan all along, sweetheart."

• "Just like I used to tell you, *they're very good actors.*"

• Dad did convince you for a while

• But the spell ended as soon as the night came, and all you could think on was Russia's expression that day

• Even though dad insisted it wasn't your fault

• Every day you would wake up with dark circles beneath your eyes

• Force a smile so dad wouldn't worry

• Obviously he saw right through it, but there was really nothing he could do

• Or so he thought

• At some point during those two months, dad got really busy all of a sudden

• He would spend entire nights outside

• And when he came back he would just walk to his room and practically faint on the bed

• You got used to dining and having breakfast with Freedom

• He was a good listener

• And he loved your cooking

• One day dad came home really late and woke you up

• "Pack your stuff, sugar, you're going on a holiday trip."

• What-

• When you realized, dad was helping you pack up

• He told you this was some sort of vacation, for you to relieve stress and for him to not feel guilty about leaving you alone all the time

• "Don't worry about Freedom, I'll take care of him!"

• He gave you a plane ticket to London and drove you to the airport

• He's usually very skeptical about you leaving his side for a long period of time

• But for some reason, he seemed eager for you to get on that plane

• You, on the other hand, weren't complaining

• Maybe grandpa's gentle nature around you was all you needed to feel better

• Dad waved at you as the plane took off

• You slept through the entire flight

• When you arrived, grandpa was already there to pick you up

• You ran up to him and hugged him tight just like when you were a child

• His eyes watered too, even though you weren't wearing a crown this time

• He turned on the radio on the way home

• George Harrison's voice soothed your nerves

• "My dear, you look exhausted!"

• Oh no, grandpa's *mom-mode* is on

• The first two days were normal

• But once grandpa started making you tea before bedtime, sleepland's gates opened up for you every night

• You finally were having proper dinners and breakfast

• Grandpa took you out shopping

• He introduced you to some makeup tricks to hide away the fatigue on your face

• He would also take you horse riding

• He taught you how to saddle a horse and offered to buy you a pretty mare you took a liking to

• You had to refuse because dad didn't want any more pets in the house

• "Goodbye, mare" :'(

• The best part was grandpa's music taste

• Instead of listening to WHAM! on repeat, the halls of Buckingham resonated with David Bowie, Madonna and Elton John

• It was paradise for you, too good to be true

• You started learning how to cook the Victorian way, watching grandpa

• And you also changed up your wardrobe a bit, influenced by grandpa's traditional and elegant style

• By the end of the month you could hear a slight British accent on your own voice

• It was bloody cracking, and you were absolutely chuffed!

• Today you're wearing a black vintage slim cut, sleeveless, formal evening dress

• In other words, something bougie

• Elegant, comfortable and sassy- Just like you

• Grandpa said he had a surprise for you today

• :D

• He drove you through London

• Bruce Springsteen on the radio

• "We're here!"

• "A boutique?"

• You and Grandpa go in and are greeted by a pretty, old lady

• *"The best modiste money can hire"* according to grandpa

• Ok??? lol I'm confused

• She made you stand in front of a large mirror and started taking your body measurements

• Grandpa turned on the radio in the meantime, as he stands by her side, looking at you with a smile on his face

• Queen is now on the radio

• This is getting scary

• *"How do you think I'm going to get along without you, when you're gone?"*

• Little old lady pushes on your back for you to stand upright, with your feet together

• *"You took me for everything that I had, and kicked me out on my own"*

• She brought the tape around your back and to the front, to your bust

• *"Are you happy, are you satisfied? How long can you stand the heat?"*

• At this point you're getting uncomfortable

• *"Out of the doorway the bullets rip to the sound of the beat"*

• *"Look out!"*

• "Grandpa, why are we here?"

• ***"Another one bites the dust!"***

• "Hah, for the wedding gown, silly!"

• ***"Another one bites the dust!"***

• "What?"

• ***"And another one gone, and another one gone"***

• "Well, your-..."

• ***"Another one bites the dust!"***

• "Your father didn't tell you anything, did he?"

•

• You called dad that night

• He didn't answer

• You locked yourself in your room, hyperventilating on a corner as grandpa tries to calm you down from the other side of the door

• Yesterday you were dad's only girl

• Today he's sending you off to marry some stranger

• "(Y/n), please come out, darling."

• How could dad do this to you?

• Was it something you did?

• ...

• Was it for what happened with Russia?

• "It's done, (Y/n), the invitations for your wedding were sent to all our allies last night."

• Everything makes sense now

• The cooking, the dresses, the mannerism

• Dad didn't bring you here on vacations

• "(Y/n)?"

• He did it so that grandpa could train you into becoming the perfect housewife

• "I'll call your father."

• You soon felt the room spin around you as your lungs closed little by little

• Everything black

•

• When you wake up, you're on the backseat of a car, draped on a huge jacket that smells like Axe

• "Dad?"

• "I'm here."

• He looked at you from the rear-view mirror and lifted his sunglasses up

• You look at him as memories from what happened return to your mind

• Your vision gets blurry and he clears his throat

• "I know what you're thinking, and I'm not mad."

• *But I am*

• "I never would've wanted to do this, but I saw no other choice."

• *I see a lot of choices*

• "I just-..."

• Dad's voice cracks as you shut your eyes with tears running down your cheeks

• "I can't allow you to make a decision I know you'll regret!"

• *So you'll do it for me*

• "This way, you'll be able to grow up! Be independant!"

• *Freedom... Under restrictions*

• You two soon arrived home, dad parked the car on the garage and helped you out

• He took you inside

• You could hear laughter on the living room

• Dad pushed you gently towards the sound

• A few men were sitting on the couch and arms chairs, but they stood up when you entered

• The guy in the middle was pushed your way by the one besides him

• Dad sighed

• "(Y/n), this is your fiancé."

• The boy extended his hand for you to shake

• You did so, reluctantly

• "Hi (Y/n)."

• He whispered

• "Hi Korea."

• You replied

Headcanons: Being Russia's Mother [Ending]

[image]

The emotional rollercoaster continues , but fortunately ends here ! I'm starting to think my only contribution to this fandom is all the sadness and misery I give you guys... And I'm not at all disappointed about it.

As always, this is really sad- I might've overdone the sadness because I too cried at some point. Take a deep breath and enjoy !

Warning: Sensitive topics addressed ahead.

• You walk to the room holding a tray with a cup, a tea pot and some milk

• You know your husband is not really a fan of biscuits so you didn't bring any

• You open the door and peak inside

• You're aware that he already heard your footsteps as you neared the room

• He's developed an hypersensitive hearing, according to the doctors

• To the point where every little noise in the house, like a fly buzzing, to him has the same frequency as a cannon shot

• His reflexes became extremely sensitive as well

• He's always on edge, stressed and anxious, which makes him extremely dangerous

• You find him standing in front of the window, his hands on his back in a typical military posture

• You wonder what he might be looking at

• Would he be looking at the birds taking flight? The clouds moving slowly in the sky?

• Or would he be looking up at the horizon, remembering every time he failed and everything he had to give up just for a chance to achieve the one thing he dreamed about all his life?

• It doesn't matter now

• "Советский, sit down."

• You put the tray down on the table and took the chair out for him to sit

• He's still in the same state of physiological shutdown

• He's conscious, or so you're told

• But he no longer responds

• He can only obey commands

• He looks at you and walks to the chair, sitting in a uncomfortably upright position

• His spine must be in so much pain at this point

• He just stares at you with his darkened, emotionless eyes

• "I'm gonna sit in your lap, okay?"

• You still ask even though you know he won't answer

• You sit on his lap, feeling how his legs tremble very lightly underneath you

• You assume that must be the impotence and fury bottled up in his body

• You cup his face with both of your hands and trace circles on his cheeks using your thumbs

• He closed his eyes and exhaled deeply, relaxing under your touch

• "Today Belarus said a bad word."

• You always tell him everything the kids do

• You can't allow the kids to see him, fearing he may harm them

• He would never forgive himself if he ever harmed any of them

• You know he's already hurting a lot for what he did to Russia

• That's one of the main reasons he can't come back to his senses

• He can't live with himself now

• Since he's been in this state, you can't allow him to roam the house freely

• You took the hard decision of locking him in a room of the house; with his own bed, tea table and chair, and an en-suite bathroom

• You often have to bathe him, he wouldn't do it on it's own

• And he won't sleep with you in the same room

• The only way you know he sleeps is because he often wakes up screaming in the middle of the night

• You always rush to him when he does, despite the clear danger you put yourself in by doing so

• You two had already gone through something similar already, after he came back from an orbital launch in which he almost got pushed away from his spacecraft and into the vacuum of space

• He couldn't sleep for months afterwards

• "You would've laughed. She was so serious when she said it."

• The part you're avoiding is that she was actually throwing a fit over not being able to see her father

• You don't know how long you'll be able to do this for

• You let go of him and grab the tea pot, pouring some tea on the cup and some milk after

• "Drink."

• You command him as you place the cup on his lips

• He closes his eyes and swallows the warm beverage

• You watch his throat move as he does, his Adam's apple moving up and down

• This was your new routine

• You pay as much attention to his needs as humanly possible

• He obviously can't do it on his own anymore

• At first you were absolutely enraged with what he did to Russia

• You even considered taking advantage of his unresponsive state, and leaving with your kids in the middle of the night

• It took you some time, but you finally understood

• He's just sick

• His own mind didn't have a say on his actions

• Nobody can hate him more than he already hates himself

•

• And you love him way too much to give up on him now

•

• Russia is also living his worst life

• The rest of the republics -except for his siblings and you- shunned him away

• They were quick to blame him for ruining this space project, which many of them had already invested countless hours of hard work on

• They also blamed him for the state their boss was in

• All that took a giant emotional toll on him

• His sleeping pattern changed drastically, and he went from not being able to sleep more than 4 hours a day, to sleeping over 15 hours or more every day

• Whenever he was awake he would complain about his body feeling too heavy and everything hurting arbitrarily

• He couldn't concentrate and he would forget everything within minutes; he was no longer interested in his hobbies and, try as he might, he just couldn't bring himself to do his homework

• You often overhear him whispering things like "Everyone would be better off without me" or "I wish I was never born" as some sort of mantra

• You hid away all knives and sharp objects in the only cupboard with a lock on it, then kept the key with you at all times

• You also got rid of all the alcohol in the house, just to be safe

• He still had a cast on his leg, so you couldn't get him to get out of bed unless necessary

• You still try to clean his room as much as you can without making a lot of noise or disturbing his sleep

• And you leave a plate of his favorite foods and a bottle of water on his nightstand every 4 hours

• Although you end up wasting majority of it, since he almost never eats

• And if he does, he'll vomit it afterwards

• He hates vomiting because it makes him cry

• But you find yourself crying more than him when he does

•

• You stand over the weight scale and sigh tiredly

• You've lost 21 kg in two weeks

• You're not eating, since you rather feed everyone else

• And you're not sleeping, since you rather stay awake to take care of everyone else

• The kids are never happy

• There's always someone crying, someone screaming and someone breaking stuff

• Sorrow fills everyone's life and there doesn't seem to be any escape from it

• You push those gloomy thoughts aside and grab a trail with food for Soviet

• As you walk towards the stairs, you hear a noise coming from his

office

• You decide to investigate

• It hasn't been used since he went to America

• You don't notice anything out of the ordinary

• You know the kids never come here since he's very strict about his workplace

• There's a lot of dust and dirt all over the furniture

• You'll have to clean this room later

• As you scan the room with your eyes you finally notice where the noise comes from

• The fax machine

• You leave the tray in Soviet's desk and pick up the message that just arrived

• An invitation?

• To... *A wedding?*

• Who in their right minds would invite you to a wedding right now?!

• ...

• America... His daughter?

• Why did they sent this? Do they want to torture you? Did they want to see Russia suffer even more?

• *Didn't they have enough?!*

• Your head is spinning, you're feeling dizzy

• *How much of this can my family take?!*

• Your vision becomes blurry

• You're suddenly out of breath, gasping desperately feeling your lungs close

• You can't control your body as you lose balance

• Your head hits the ground, loudly and painfully

• You hear a high-pitched ringing sound in your ears, and something warm coming out of them

• You're cold

• Which is weird, since you're so used to cold by now

• You feel numb but still try to move your hand to touch your head, fearing your skull may have cracked

• But you can't move a muscle

• *Am I going to die?*

• You can only think on your family right now

•

• How your babies needed you now more than ever

•

• How Russia will eventually die if you're not there to wake him up

•

• How Soviet will eventually kill himself without you by his side

•

• "Do you hear that?"

• "Yes, it must be a construction."

• "A construction? *It's Sunday*."

• "Might be some sort of special occasion?"

• ...

• Those voices...

• You try to open your eyes, but fail

• ...

• "Мама?"

• *Россия?*

• "Open your eyes, мама."

• *I can't*

• "You can do it, мамочка!" **(Mommy)**

• *Украина!*

• You try again, barely squinting before your lids close again

• You feel some sort of preassure in your left cheek

• A hand caressing you, a thumb tracing circles on your cheek

• "Ты можешь это сделать, моя любовь." **("You can do it, my love.")**

• You try again

• You squint

• And blink a few times

• Your vision is blurry

• You blink again

• "**MAMA!**"

• You recognize those tiny, blurry figures hurrying to your side

• Arms all around you

• You reach weakly to them, hugging them with whatever strenght is left in your body

• Your vision clears up

• You look up to see Russia crying desperately, holding onto his father as the latter weeps as well, kissing his son's entire face like it was his first day on Earth

• They look at you and smile

• Finally

•

• Soviet blew softly on the spoonful of borsch before placing it on your lips

• You take it carefully, it's still very warm

• You notice he keeps looking at your throat when you swallow, analyzing its movements

• You lift up your hand and caress the side of his face, being careful with his new scar

• He let out a sigh and leaned into your touch as tears poured from his remaining eye

•

• "A lot has happened these past six months."

• Russia's voice was bittersweet

• "With you gone, everyone suddenly depended on me."

• His leg no longer had a cast on it, but he did have a big scar in his calf

• "The kids motivated me to get out of bed everyday."

• He seemed like a new man

• "... And when dad shot himself... I did everything I could."

• A man who went through hell and came back with a purpose

• You grabbed his hand, stroking it

• "I'm so proud of you, Russia."

• He smiled at you

• "I just did everything you did with us."

•

• You wake up a the sound of wood creaking under pressure

• You look at the clock in your nightstand

• 3:04 a.m.

• You carefully untangle yourself from those muscular, hairy, bandaged arms around you

• And gently tiptoe your way out of the bedroom

• Every door in the hall was closed

• You walk to the staircase railing trying to be as silent as possible

• You see a suitcase sitting near the front door

• This confuses you and you consider waking your husband up in case this was a break-in

• But your thoughts are interrupted by Russia coming out of the kitchen, carrying his backpack

• "Russia?"

• He looks up at you, startled, and almost drops his backpack

• "What are you doing?"

• He looks at his suitcase before sighing and turning back at you

• "I'm leaving, мама."

• This response takes you completely aback even though it was obvious by now

• "I waited for you guys to get back on your feet... Now's my time to do the same."

• He looks scared

• But determined

• You slowly walk downstairs, looking at his suitcase with hesitation as tears threatened to come out of your tired eyes

• ...

• "Did you pack everything?"

• He smiles at you and nods

• You let out a shaky sigh, trying to hold back your tears

• He leaves his backpack on the floor and walks up to you

• He hugs you tightly

• You do the same, kissing everywhere from his shoulder to his ear

• "Я тебя люблю, мама. Навсегда." **("I love you, mom. Always.")**

• "Я тебя очень люблю, Россия." **("I love you so much, Russia.")**

• He stands back after a while and goes to pick up his backpack and suitcase

• You open the front door for him

• An old-looking red truck was there to pick him up

• "Tell dad I love him."

• You know he wouldn't have been able to say goodbye himself

• You smile sadly at him and nod

• He kisses your cheek and leaves

• You watch as the truck drives off

•

• You go back to your room and lay yourself down on the bed, beneath the covers

• Tangling yourself on your husband's arms and pressing your face to his chest

• You feel his arms tremble and his chest shake

• You both hug each other, sobbing together

• You know he wouldn't have been able to say goodbye to his boy

• "He loves you, Советский."

• He tightens his grip on you, whispering "Спасибо" over and over again **(Thank you)**

Headcanons: Being America's Daughter [Ending]

[image]

Thank you guy for your support in this miniseries! I loved writing this and seeing you actually enjoy it . It means the entire world to me, honestly .

Without further preamble , I leave you with this third and final chappie . Have fun and enjoy !

• You stare at your reflection in the mirror

• You can hear music and cheering outside

• You feel trapped inside this ball gown

• Your eyes sting because you spent all night crying

• And the eyeshadow you're wearing makes them burn even more

• "Chérie, you look stunning!"

• France did your makeup using waterproof products for that reason

• *"France, is the bride ready?"*

• "Oui! We're coming!"

• She put your veil on and gave you a bouquet of Korean roses

• Your fiancé's national flower

• You had very little time to get to know Korea before the wedding

• All you knew was that he was indifferent about marrying you

• He had no say in the matter

• He's just another pawn in dad's game

• France grabbed the long train of your dress and followed behind you as you exited the room

• You walked to the hall before the aisle, where dad was waiting for you wearing his dark blue dress uniform

• It's weird to see him without his sunglasses, he never takes them off

• Today's not exception apparently

• He smiles and sniffs as you walk up to him

• "Look at you, you're beatiful!"

• You force a smile and grabbed the arm he offered

• You never considered yourself a fan of classical music

• And as Mendelssohn's Wedding March sounds through the walls of the church, you rectify your stance

• You hate classical music

• You glance back at the front gates one last time, hoping for the hero that will never arrive

• Dad takes the first step

• And guides to you to the altar

• As you enter the room, everyone stands up

• Almost every nation in the world has come to witness the wedding of their superpower's heiress

• Almost

• Korea is wearing a tuxedo, since dad and grandpa forbade him to

wear one of his traditional gwanbok

• Dad hands you to him

• Vatican City nods at you and closes his eyes before speaking

• "Dearly beloved, you have come together into the house of the church-"

• You know you should be listening

• But you can feel everyone's eyes on you and you suddenly feel like you could melt

• You carefully glance around

• Your family is watching with smiles on their faces and tears in their eyes

• You catch grandpa whispering something into dad's ear

• At this point you don't care anymore

• What more could you possibly lose?

• "Let us pray... Almighty God, hear our prayers-"

• You close your eyes and pray to every God, the universe and the stars to stop this nightmare and set you free

• "Amen."

• It didn't work

• "Korea and (Y/n), have you come here to enter into marriage without coercion, freely and wholeheartedly?"

• *No*

• "I have."

• "Are you prepared, as you follow the path of marriage, to love and honor each other for as long as you both shall live?"

• *No!*

• "I am."

• "Are you prepared to accept children lovingly from God and to bring them up according to the law of Christ and his church?"

• You feel your blood freeze and your heart stop

• ***No!***

• "... I am."

• "Do you take (Y/n) as your lawful wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and cherish until death do you part?"

• You know Korea is not Catholic, and you know he was forced to ignore his own culture in favor of a western ceremony

• But something in the way he said "I do" sounded so impossibly fake and imposed that it made you sick

• "And you, (Y/n), do you take Korea as your lawful husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and cherish until death do you part?"

• Were you really going to spend the rest of your days with someone who doesn't even like you?

•

• "... I do."

•

• "May almighty God, with his word of blessing, unite your hearts in the never ending bond of pure love. What God has joined together, no one may put asunder."

• The entire room, even respectful non-Catholics witnesses, thanked God

• Guess who was the only person who didn't?

•

• After the ceremony

• When you were outside, surrounded by the paparazzi, dad announced your independence in front of the masses

• As Korea held your hand

• It didn't look like independence to anyone

• It just looked like a *change of management*

•

• The reception was offered by grandpa in the ballroom of Buckingham palace

• People ate, drank and danced all night

• Dad proposed a toast and delivered a speech that was most likely written for him by someone else

• Her Majesty's Royal Marines Band Service performed a rendition of All You Need Is Love

• And people cheered as you and Korea shared your first dance

• Korea drank a lot of alcohol afterwards

• And you were left alone, crying helplessly in the bathroom, staining your beautiful wedding gown with the black tears streaming down your face

•

• The day ended in your Honeymoon, with Korea passing out on the hotel bed, reeking of alcohol and what you suspect to be urine

• While you decided to take the couch in the living room

• Still crying as your hopes for a hero to come and liberate you were shattered slowly and painfully by the horrible reality

•

• Days go extremely fast when one doesn't care about life anymore

• You learnt that the hard way

• You have been married with Korea for less than four months

• And you hate it

• He doesn't like you in the slightest bit

• But he still expects you to be nice to him

• Cook for him and satisfy him like any good wife should

• It's repulsive

• The power balance is tipped in your favor though

• Since you're considerably taller and stronger than him

• And that's why he's so unbelievably insufferable

• Because, deep down, he's intimidated by you

• It's not rare for you to come home and find him passed out drunk in the bed

• But you no longer take the couch

• You just push him to the floor, throw a blanket over him and call it a day

• It's unusual for you two to share a bed

• But neither would willingly take the couch instead

• Most times you simply go to the bedroom while he's drinking and claim the bed for yourself

• The mere thought of even holding each other's hands disgusted both of you

• You wanted nothing to do with each other

• And that's the only thing you have in common

• But sometimes

• Albeit very rarely

• You do get along for a second or two

• Like when you were cooking the other day

• And accidentally burned yourself with cooking oil

• He was by your side immediately, gently tending to your wound

• Although by the next second he was already hurrying you to finish dinner

• You wouldn't call him a friend

• But you wouldn't call him an enemy either

• Dad visited you today

• He brought Freedom with him

• Korea wasn't home but you didn't have the heart to tell dad he was most likely getting drunk in some cheap bar far away from here

• So you just told him he had work to do

• You were outside in the backyard, playing fetch with Freedom

• He had gotten quite old but he was still a playful ball of fur

• Dad was drinking a cup of coffee

• He seemed awkward, but wouldn't tell you why

• "(Y/n)."

• You looked over at him and he motioned for you to get closer

• So you do

• He stares at his empty cup, his brows furrowed

• "Dad?"

• "(Y/n)... How are things with Korea?"

• Uh-oh

• You force a smile and answer as calmly as you can

• "They're great, dad! He's... Uh... A-A great husband!"

• Damn your stuttering!

• He nods, you can tell he's not convinced

• "Ya'know, uh... Pops told me, the other day, about some rules I never realized existed."

• "R-Rules?"

• "Antiquities, but... Necessary antiquities."

• You don't like where this is going

• "We're an empire, (Y/n). An empire that runs on blood."

• You can't bring yourself to look up at dad as the realization hits you like a slap to the face

• "You're the last branch of this lineage, you need to have descendancy of your own."

• Freedom rubs his head on the side of your leg, sensing your stress and panic

• "This will benefit everyone, (Y/n)."

• *Really, everyone? Or just you?*

•

• That night you allowed Korea to sleep on the bed with you

• He wasn't as drunk as he usually is, thankfully so

• You both lay on the bed, backs facing each other

• He's already snoring lightly

• "Korea."

• No response

• "Korea."

• You turn around slightly

• "Hmm?"

• Was your only response

• What were you supposed to say now?

• *I know we don't like each other and we got pulled together by my obsessive father, but can we have a baby?*

• *Pretty please?*

• "What?"

• He spoke after a while, annoyed and impatient

• "Uh... How was your day?"

• You panicked, you can't do this

• He doesn't answer and you think he chose to ignore you and fall asleep

• "Normal... I've actually been receiving letters from North... He's desperate to talk to someone."

• North Korea, his twin brother who was taken by the Soviet Union

• "He said his father... Shot himself."

• You sit up abruptly

• "The Soviet Union is dead?!"

• "No, no! Shh! He's not dead... Yet, at least."

• The image of Russia immediately invades your mind

• *Oh God, Russia!*

• "Apparently the bullet didn't go through his skull, it just got stuck in his eye. His brain was left untouched."

• That could've only been achieved through external action, someone trying to stop him at the last minute

• "Don't tell your father, he can't know I talked to North."

• *Russia must be so lost, he doesn't deserve this!*

• "... Are you okay?"

• His concerned voice pulls you back from your thoughts

• "Yes... Thank you."

• "For what?"

• "For trusting me."

• He's taken aback by this

• "Thank you for listening."

•

• You ended up not telling Korea anything about what dad had told you

• You considered every single alternative

• Even lying to your father about being infertile

• But you knew nothing escapes from the United States, somehow he always finds out about everything

• Just like how he eventually found out about the Soviet Union's suicide attempt

• He invited everyone in the family and his closest allies to celebrate what he called a "victory of capitalism"

• Dad and China spent the entire night bragging about how it was just a matter of time before he finally hits the bucket

• China also rushed Korea and you to breed, stating how a powerful Asian-American offspring would "finally put an end to the Soviet plague"

• It was repulsive

• And Korea found himself agreeing with you more and more

• You didn't want to harm Russia

• He didn't want to harm his brother

• You suddenly have more things in common

•

• As the months pass, the pestering gets worse

• You suddenly get preassured by literally everyone, to have a kid with Korea

• He gets harrassed as well

• To the point where he'd spent days out of the house

• He was embarrassed and ashamed, just like you

• But neither of you have the desire to bring an unwanted child to this world

• A child whose only purpose in life will be to fight your father's wars

• You start isolationg yourself inside the house

• The number of people you could actually consider friends was reduced to maybe two

• And there's only one person you can think of all the time

• Russia

• You wonder how he's doing, how he's holding up

• Maybe it was the lack of social interaction messing with your brain

• You got the habit of wishing him sweet dreams at night

• And at some point you even got so caught up in your daydreaming that you noticed you started making dinner for two even though Korea wasn't there when you did

• But you learnt to laugh at your own antics

• Like when you went to watch that new movie "Back To The Future"

• And spent the next few days thinking on going back to when you and Russia first met

•

• The first Christmas went

• So did the first New Year

• You didn't even bother decorating the house

• Korea didn't either

• And New Year's was the first time you spent the holidays away from your family

• Korea stayed with you and you both sat silently on the couch all the night, watching holiday themed movies

• You did receive gifts and calls

• But only baby stuff and unknown numbers wishing your future baby a great and honorable life

• You sat in the kitchen, eating your lunch

• Playing with one of the many children's toys you received

• Thinking

• There's no running away from this

• Maybe it was time to stop fighting, and accept your fate

• It's not a big deal, right? They only want a kid, that's all

• Then the humiliation will stop

• Dad will be proud of you

• And who knows, maybe you'll learn to love your husband

• The man you'll be spending all your life with

• Before you can get fully convinced, the doorbell rang

• "Coming!"

• You put away your sandwich and walk to the door, peeking through the peephole before excitedly slamming the door open and tackling the person behind it in a bear hug

• "Argh- Mija, be careful with me, I ain't made of iron."

• "Oh, uncle Mexico, I missed you so much!"

• Uncle Mexico ruffled your hair and kissed your forehead

• "It's been a while, hasn't it? You still remember all the Spanish I taught you?"

• You giggle and nod

• "What are you doing here, uncle? Come in, please!"

• "No, wait-"

• He grabs you by the wrist, and closes the front door

• "I heard you been livin' like a hermit, kiddo! So today you're spendin' the day outside, with me!"

• You laugh awkwardly, but agree nonetheless

• He takes you to his rusty, trusty, red truck and opens the door for you before getting in himself

• You two talk all throughout the trip

• He never once mentions the word with b

• You feel like you could cry

• At one point, he turns his radio on

• "And that cigarette you're smokin' 'bout scare me half to death!"

• You can't remember when was the last time you sang along to a song

• "Open up the window, sucker, let me catch my breath!"

• Even though uncle Mexico's voice is raspy, he's still a very good singer

• You two even made up your own lyrics!

• "Papa told me not to come, papa told me not to come! He said, "That ain't the way to have fun, mija!""

• "ÉCOLE, CHAMACA! AAAAYYYYEEEE!"

• "THAT AIN'T THE WAY TO HAVE FUN, MIJA!"

• You can't remember the last time you laughed the way you did then

• You two ended up somewhere in the desert because uncle Mexico had to stop at a gas station

• You got down from the truck to walk around and stretch your legs

• You still don't know where uncle Mexico is taking you, but you don't complain

• You feel genuinely happy near him

• He asked you to watch the truck as he went to buy cigs at the station

• You continued to hum, immersed in your own little world, pacing back and forth as you wait for the tank to fill up

• There wasn't a soul in here

• So I guess it would be easy to mistake your pacing with a panic attack, and think you'd be lost in the middle of nowhere?

• "Excuse me, miss? Are you lost?"

• Or, just a good opportunity for a cliché entrance

• You turn around to face that familiar accent

• And there he was

• The hero you've been holding out for all this time

• "Russia."

• "(Y/n)."

• You just stare at him, he's not the boy you remembered

• He's got deep dark circles under his eyes, and one of his eyes is slightly bruised

• His clothes are all stained and muddy, like he's been living in the dirt

• His built resembles what you remembered of his father, intimidatingly tall and ridiculously strong

• And he's not wearing his little hat, instead he has a cap of uncle Mexico's favorite soccer team

• Yet there he was

• "You're here."

• You suddenly can't hear your voice, but you must be speaking since he did hear you

• "I'm sorry I'm late. There were few obstacles in the way."

• The fatigue evident in his face despite his bright smile

• You suddenly can't think anymore

• "... You're here."

• You don't know what's real and what isn't

• You don't know if this is a dream or a nightmare

• He walks closer to you, until he's mere inches away from you

• The second he breathes into your face, you lose it

• Tears pour from your eyes and you can't stop sobbing

• "Don't leave me, please! Don't leave me again!"

• You grab his shirt, pulling him into a desperate hug, hiding your face in his chest as you wail uncontrollably

• He whispers things you can't hear

• But you know he's here

• It's not a dream

• Your hero just arrived to save you

• He let go of you and cupped your face with his hands, forcing you to look up at his eyes

• "(Y/n), we don't have much time. Come with me."

• Your sobbing had left your head spinning so it took you a moment to process what he had just said

• "Where?"

• He smiled at you as his thumb brushed some of your tears away

• "Home. Where we can be together."

• You managed to smile through your loud wailing, and nod your head like your life depended on it, gripping Russia's shirt as if he were to vanish into thin air if you didn't

• The moment you prayed for

• He suddenly slammed his lips on yours in a desperate, hopeful, long awaited kiss

• You poured all your new-found happiness into the kiss, memorizing the taste of Russia's mouth as well as the shape of his lips

• Everything's gone, save for Russia and you

• You can only hear the desert wind blowing in your ears and the screeches of the eagles above you

• They're free

• And so are you

• "Orale, chavos! Let's go, let's go!"

• You two smile and laugh at each other as uncle Mexico hurries you to the back of truck and drives off, taking you where you can finally be beside the one you belong with

•

• *"There's a starman waiting in the sky. He'd like to come and meet us, but he thinks he'd blow our minds."*

• "You know who's a real Starman?"

• "Who?"

• You asked your 8-year-old son, Russia Jr., as he listened to his favorite song while coloring a drawing he had made of a spaceship going to Mars... A purple version of Mars

• "Дедушка! Because he built a spaceship to finally go to his home in space!" **(Grandpa)**

• You smile at his innocent way to perceive death

• Your father-in-law, the Soviet Union, had passed away five years ago

• Of course he had the chance to meet his grandson before that, in the day of his birth

• You remember him being obsessed with how tiny Junior was

• Not only him, dad as well

• Dad feared he was premature, but Junior was just tiny

• Just like his own father, according to your mother-in-law

• Dad was happy anyway

• He understood your happiness was right there

• It took him losing his daughter to understand that

• But in the end, he accepted to walk you to the altar one last time

• He apologized to Russia, and Russia forgave him

• Your wedding with Korea was meant to be the wedding to crumble the Soviet regime

• But your wedding with Russia ended the Cold War, peacefully

• Korea held no hard feelings against you after your divorce

• Quite the contrary, he actually followed your example and fought for his freedom as well

• He accepted to recognize his brother in the UN, and both agreed on reconciling

• One step at a time

• The sound of the front door opening and closing snapped you out of your daydream

• "Папочка!" **("Daddy!")**

• Junior ran to greet your husband

• You stand up from your seat at the table, and walk to the doorway of the living room, looking at your boys from when you stand, smiling to yourself

• Russia picked Junior up on his shoulders, Junior is always fascinated about how high he can go when his daddy does that

• Russia walks up to you and greets you with a kiss

• "Я по тебе скучал." **("I missed you.")**

• You giggle, still blushing at his comments despite the amount of years you've been together

• "Папочка, wait! I have something to show you!"

• Russia lowered him back to the ground and Junior ran into the living room

• When he came back, he proudly showed his father the drawing he had made

• Russia and you both kneeled down to be at eye level with him

• "Мой мальчик, what planet are you visiting in this picture?" **(My boy)**

• Junior and you made an exasperated noise, although yours was obviously playful

• "My hero, that is obviously Mars! Our son is going to Mars!"

• Russia smiles and blushes at the nickname, despite the amount of years you've been calling him that

• "Of course, I knew that."

• "I'll be the first person on Mars, папочка! Like grandpa on the Moon! Maybe I can even find дедушка there!"

• Russia looks up from the drawing at your son, he seems surprised but his face lights up almost immediately

• "I'm sure he'll love to see you up there."

• He smiles sadly but his tone is anything but

• Your son smiles joyfully and takes the drawing before going upstairs, where you assume he'll pick up his space helmet that he loves so much

• You feel Russia's arm on your shoulders, pulling you to his chest as he kisses your head, muttering a soft

• "Я люблю тебя." **("I love you.")**

• "I love you too."

• As you two hug on the floor, you hear your son suddenly scream and laugh as you assume he catapulted himself to the floor from his bed pretending to be in zero gravity again

• "Let's have another one."

• Russia whispers playfully on your ear

• You look up at him with an innocent smile, knowing fully well

you're about to make his night

• "Funny you should say that, my hero!"

Russia x Reader - Some things...

[image]

I was inspired to make this after reading usasister's book. Go check it out!

So, this is pretty short and offensive tbh, just like me. Please comment if it breaks your heart because that's honestly the goal–

"Some people move on, but not us. Not us." ~~I don't know why I just said that it's all I can think really~~ *Ily and hope you enjoy!*

"... aren't meant to last."

Those were your words right after you picked up your bag from the floor. You just paid for your cup of coffee and muffin and left, without saying goodbye. Without looking back.

You uttered those words with the same sweet and dreamy voice he loved to hear so much. So subtle and gentle, the tone of your voice was embedded in his heart forever.

But so were the words you said. The words that evoked so much misery and desolation to him now. Such emptiness like he had never felt before.

He remembers vividly how your beautiful and delicate lips uttered those words. He just stared at you, his lovely (Y/n), as you left him alone. His mind could only replay memories during that moment.

"No, I won't leave you alone, Russia. Stop insisting!"

He remembered all the encouraging words you said to him when he needed them most. He remembered all the selfless care and the

infinite kindness you always offered him since you two first met. All those dark days you were able to brighten up by just smiling up at him. All those dreadful thoughts you were able to push away from his mind just by simply pressing your lips against his.

He had nobody, no real friends, nobody to care for him. And then you, his wonderful (Y/n), came to his life. You, his beloved (Y/n), were able to restore his faith in life by simply existing there right besides him.

Even now, all he can think about is the moments you two shared together; even the simplest of them meant so much for him. From your melodious laughter whenever he said something you found entertaining, to your stubborn frowns when he argued about something you disagreed on. It was all perfect for him.

"You need to come out more! Breath fresh air– spend time with me!"

Since you paid for that coffee, he locked himself in his room. Since you left that warm muffin besides him, he hasn't talked to anybody else.

He remembers with regret how many timed he called you since he last saw those gorgeous (e/c) orbs of life. He hated to bother you in his pitiful state, sometimes his heart grips in pain remembering the words he said to you over the phone. Specially when he thinks on how hurt you must be because of them.

"Just one chance! I promise I'll change, I'll be better–"

"Russia, stop this."

"NO, PLEASE! PLEASE, I BEG YOU!! GIVE ME JUST ONE CHANCE–!"

"I'm hanging up. Goodbye, Russia."

The warmth of your embraces were replaced by the rigid cold of pure emptiness. The pleasant smell of your tropical perfume and the coconut-vanilla shampoo you always used had since left his nostrils, and now he could barely smell his own body odour through his stuffy nose. His own bed felt painfully uncomfortable without you

there for him.

He remembers how Belarus forced him to get rid of the shirts and underwear you used to leave on his room when you stayed over. He also remembers overhearing you speak to her over the phone, saying how you wouldn't accept anything back from them.

His body longed for the soft touch of your skin again, but all he could feel now was the ache of his stomach as it growled in desperation after fasting for so long.

Maybe that was the reason you left. Maybe he had become too clingy, or had pressured you too much. Or maybe it was the opposite. Maybe he hadn't opened up enough for you, maybe his social anxiety had become too much for you and he unintentionally pushed you away.

He never gathered the courage to ask you why. He simply did not want to put you through any more pain. He loved you far too much to willingly hurt you.

"Smile, please... Please! For me?"

It took him a long time to come out of his room. It took him a lot of energy to take a shower and brush his teeth. And when he came out, his family was there to greet him. His siblings made him beakfrast, and his father talked to him.

A long time went by before he went outside, no longer than it took him to be able to smile again.

He'll never be able to forget every moment you two spent together, he'll never be willing to forget them. Every positive impact you made on his broken self will be in his mind forever.

And he'll always be thankful that, at least for a moment, the smile you're giving to someone else right now was once for him.

Some things aren't meant to last, but choosing to love them anyways might be the best choice you ever decide to make.

Martial Law x Reader - It Was A Secret

[image]

Okay so, I don't really know if I did this correctly because I honest to God don't know the difference between Phil and backwards Phil... Except one of them is supposed to be a badass? Here you have your badass then. :))))))

Question time: Do you prefer short stories or long stories?

Cursed be the day you decided to help your father. Cursed be the day you decided to work behind your crush's back.

You hoped for the best, and look at you now.

Running away desperately, even though you know you can't escape. There's nowhere to run, there's no escape.

The tears that welled up on your eyes blurred your vision, but you still run frantically at the sound of footsteps and screams chasing after you.

To give more context to this story before it ends, you are close friends with perhaps the worse group of people considering your family's business.

For the longest times, you've been friends with a cute boy named Philippines and his older brother, Martial Law. You've been crushing on the latter ever since you laid eyes on him, but never gathered enough courage to confess your feelings to him.

Your father had sent you a letter a few weeks back asking for your help to return to Philippines after a trip to Australia. And, against

your better judgement, you choose to believe in his innocence and help him. Silly you thought your thug father had changed, but he's still the same miserable drug dealer he was the day he abandoned you.

You chose wrong and now it's too late to go back. You're now paying the price.

You climb up a set of stairs as fast as you can, turning left and right at any given chance, but it's useless. You tried talking, but nobody will listen.

You didn't even have time to say goodbye to Phil, but you're sure Martial wouldn't allow it anyway.

Every door in the neighborhood was closed and every light in the street had been turned off.

Nobody would risk saving your life if it meant losing theirs.

Suddenly, your heart stopped beating as your eyes fell into a dark abyss. A dead end.

You hurriedly gaze around but couldn't see anything, there was no way to get out of here and you soon found yourself trapped between a rock and a hard place.

The cops up front made way for the person you rather die at the hands of. Martial stared at you with death in his eyes, making your eyes water even more. "Martial, please I can explain!" But he simply glared at you and, before you can even blink once, you see him take out his gun and...

...

You feel something? Like a sharp slap on your chest, and a viscous subtansce emanating from the same place right after. You fall on your knees, never breaking eye contact with Martial, before falling backwards.

The hot pain spread all over your body, making it numb. You had trouble breathing for some reason, gasping for air to no vail,

making your mind go hazy and cloudy.

"You left your diary at my house the other day." He carefully walked up to where you laid on the floor. You felt so cold, like you've never felt before. It was a bone-shattering cold, absolutely horrible and inhuman. "I know I shouldn't have read it, but I was curious." You can't think but you force yourself to listen to every word he's saying. It might be the last time you listen to his deep, soothing voice ever again. "You really love me, don't you?"

Your vision goes blurry and you swear you're seeing double. You whimper weakly and cry softly, not because of the cold, or the pain, but because your eyes can't focus on his. Your ears have trouble hearing his voice. This is the worst imaginable torture a person can experience.

He seems to understand your torment, for he grabbed your freezing hand with his gloved one and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "Just for that, I'll personally be the one to bury you." He looked down at you and his eyes softened, he smiled warmly at your lost and confused expression. Martial picked up your body, although you couldn't feel anything by now. "And when I find your father, I'll kill him right then and there. In your honor, (Y/n)."

You did not hear anything else, allowing your eyes to close to the image of his loving smile and a soft preassure on your lips which, unbeknown to you, was a mere hallucination.

Wish you could've heard his last words to you. Wish you could've chosen right.

But, at least, the secret is out now.

"I love you too, (Y/n)."

Ottoman Empire x Reader - The Witch

[image]

If you think I wrote this solely inspired by the entire Aladdin remake original soundtrack, then you're absolutely correct. ~~Will Smith CAN SING, don't try me.~~

This story takes place approximately on 1545. Hope you enjoy!

You wandered through the streets of the grand Bedesten Bazaar, the smell of every spice and the sound of every voice danced all around you. Your eyes gazed around, curious and marveled, and your empty stomach growled whenever they fell on the freshly-baked bread or the expensive foreign sweets.

You were but a commoner, an orphan who lived on her own most of her life. This hot, sandy land was your only home. The only one you ever knew.

Most women did not survive alone out here. They were too afraid and often ended up getting caught by guards or sold as slaves. If they were lucky they'd end up being sold abroad.

But you have proven to be astute enough to survive with little to no outside help. You were able to fool the people around you with tricks and cunning, outsmarted guards and slave traders time and time again, you did so for 15 years. You're used to this lifestyle; eat to live, steal to eat. The rest is history.

As you glanced for any guards nearby, you lean over one stall, pretending to be inspecting an item as your extended your hand over the next stall, quickly grabbing a loaf of bread before stuffing

it inside your bag. After that you simply smile to the owner, nod your head goodbye, and walk away calmly avoiding eye contact by slightly covering your vision with your headscarf. With time you learnt doing this gave sellers a sense of security by assuming you must be a modest woman, someone who knows better than stealing random trinkets.

But you do know better. You know stealing random trinkets won't get you anywhere in life. If you're going to steal, you have to steal big.

As you walked away your eyes run around the bazaar, finally stopping on the figure of a man. Tall, broad, dangerous. But what called your attention the most was the bag he carried. It fell right on the side of his hip, facing away from him. Rookie mistake.

Carefully, you walk over to the next stall right besides him, once again pretending to look around. From the corner of your eye you see the man has a companion, and his companion was armed with a dagger, hidden in plain sight. This indicated the man had some sort of political power.

Paying attention to the conversation between the seller and the man, you overhear the seller refer to him as "Muhteşem effendi", confirming your theory. You had to be careful with this one, but you also had to act quick.

Leaning to him, ever so gently, you kept your eyes facing the opposite side as to not raise suspicion. Your hand skillfully snuck on the inside of his bag, brushing against metal and leather things as you tried to make few movements to go as unnoticed as possible. You finally picked a seemingly random object – it was small, round-shaped, textured and metallic – and as you pulled it out you saw this so-called "efendi" bid the seller goodbye.

With the object in hand, a gorgeous blue topaz-encrusted bracelet which was surely worth a thousand akçe, you excitedly turn in your heels, trying hard to erase the smile forming on your lips.

That is, until a strong hand suddenly gripped your wrist, making you turn back to the man you stole from.

He looked at you before glancing at your hand, smirking when he noticed the bracelet you held. "Where did you get that, little girl?"

Your heart thumped inside your chest. It was the first time you ever stole something so valuable and you weren't going to return it now.

But you also did not want to lose your hand for it.

"I found it, efendi." You quietly answered, your eyes glued to his. You were strangely frightened by this tall man and his armed companion, who was now aware of the situation, only made your stomach churn in even more fear.

His smirk did not fade, he had you cornered and knew you had no way out. "Give it back, little one. For your sake." You looked at him and gazed around, looking for a way to escape him. Nobody was paying attention to what was happening so that was good. Suddenly, you got an idea.

You looked back at him and slowly lowered your arm, pretending to hand the bracelet back.

You pulled the corner of your lips upward in a smug smile. "You shouldn't threat a witch, efendi." Step one: Distraction.

He lifted an eyebrow in mockery, and was about to say something before you pulled your headscarf off, gracefully throwing it on his face and pushing him and his companion to the floor while they were startled. Step two: Escape.

Effendi's companion yelled something out, calling the guards's attention. You stuffed the bracelet inside your bag and ran as fast as you could, armed guards chasing after you. You pushed whoever stepped in your way, scampering through the busy bazaar, jumping up through stalls to deflect your pursuers.

You ran through a flock of chickens, turning left and right and up a staircase, until you found a good place to hide. The guards run over your hiding place without noticing you, their footstept disappearing in the distance. You sighed in relief before getting up and walking away.

Fortunately, you found to be close to the harem of Pasek, where your best friend, İkbal, resided. You weren't really allowed to enter the establishment, but you always visited her even if all you could do was talk through a second-floor window.

"İkbal!" You threw a small pebble at her window, getting no immediate answer. She must be doing her chores, but you had no time for that. You had to show her what you had *'found'!*

You looked down, searching for another soft pebble to throw, before you felt two strong arms surround you – one wrapping itself on your waist, the other one used to deaden your screams by covering your mouth –, lifting your body up from the ground and carrying you away.

"Yes, (Y/–... –n)?" İkbal leaned over her now opened window and looked around but still found no trace of you. She shrugged it off and closed the window again, going back to her chores.

You kicked and scratched, but couldn't do much damage as it seemed. This was not a guard, they would've simply dragged you away without the need to cover your mouth. You tried to come up with a way to escape this person's grasp, but you couldn't think clearly with so much adrenaline running through your veins.

Finally, your captor released their grip on you, making you fall to the ground though you quickly pulled yourself to your feet, clutching your bag to your chest. You turned to see their face and gasped, wide-eyed. "How did you find me?!"

The man from before, the one you stole from, chuckled while looking down at you. "Turns out you aren't the only witch around these parts, little one." You look around and notice his companion isn't here, it's just the two of you in this dead end. The man gazed at you with a sparkle on his eyes, his hard look was enough to intimidated you. "Give it back now. Please."

Despite being clearly overpowered, you held your head high. You did not come all this way to give up now. "I do not know what you're speaking of." Your eyes try and find a way of escaping this situation, but he's blocked the only way out. He looks at you and

frowns, the first time you've seen him do so actually. "Listen, kid. I really don't have time for this."

He attempted to snatch your bag out of your grasp but you grabbed his wrist just in time. Taking a look at his hand, he had many rings with many diffrent expensive jewels engraved on them. This man was no ordinary efendi, precious gems such as the ones he had could only come from the palace. An idea popped into your head. "Who are you, bey?"

He looked away, huffing in annoyance. "I'm not a bey– that does not concern you. Just give me my brace–"

"Is it a gift for one of your wives?" You continued, smirking slightly, looking for his eyes with your own, never droping your grip on his wrist. "For one of your daughters?" His frown deepened and his eyes darkened, you can tell he was reaching a limit and that's exactly what you're looking for. You carefully circle him like a predator does with its prey. "Or for the Sultana maybe?"

He was completely oblivious to your intentions, and it showed. "Tell me, 'efendi', who are you really?" You whispered into his ear, sensing the goosebumps raising on his skin. Slowly and silently, as he sighed distracted by your words and actions, you sneak out behind his back only running away after being sure he wouldn't follow.

You hold your bag close, running so fast your feet start hurting, while you wondered who in the name of Allah are you dealing with. He had jewels, a guard protecting him – or at least attempting to –, and was carrying such an expesive item like you would carry a loaf of bread in your bag. But, most importantly, he wasn't foreign, since he seemed to be very familiar with the kingdom.

Your thoughts, however, were abruptly interrupted when a piece of cloth flew right on your face, making you fall and lose your grip on your bag. "Nice try again, kid." You heard that familiar voice once again, as you scrambled up on your feet. Your headscarf, the same that was used against the man, had been used now against you. And the man was now picking up your bag. "No, wait, please–!"

"This doesn't belong to you!" He threw the bag on your feet after getting the bracelet back. You could only watch helplessly as your only chance of getting out the streets vanished as soon as it appeared. "Efendi, please!" You pleaded one last time, looking up at him with teary eyes and, although his gaze was soft and regretful, he simply shook his head and turned his back on you, walking away.

You ended up crying on İkbal's lap for more than five hours that night. You were so close, but who are you fooling? You're not a witch, you're not powerful– you're a simple peasant, and you'll be one until you die.

Today, your eyes aren't really interested in the bazaar. You hanged your head down, looking at your feet as you walked. Your stomach growled but you paid no mind to it. What's the point on stealing now? Everything just seemed pointless to you.

Suddenly, you feel a hand hold your forearm and forcibly turn you around, coming face to face with a man you don't remember having seen before. Your instincts kicked in and you immediately struggled against his grasp, but the words he uttered next made you freeze up. "Your presence is required in the palace."

After having said that, he pushed you to walk besides himself and another man, who escorted you out of the bazaar and into the most elegant carriage you've ever seen. Inside, there was another man, smaller and much more friendly-looking. "Oh, I wasn't sure they'd get you, but they did! Alhamdulillah!"

You were in shock, shaking out of fear, not knowing what your fate would be from now on. These people couldn't be slave traders, they would've just taken you to their ship without the need of putting up such a show. The man in front of you pulled something out from one of his pockets and placed it inside your palm, closing it for you afterwards. You carefully look at him, inspecting his expression, before opening your hand.

You gasp when the blue shine of the topaz glistened as the sun's rays sparkled on them.

Third Reich x Reader - Broken Dreams

[image]

I'm just over here laughing my entire ass off because this was inspired by a song featuring XXXTENTACION, what is my mind doing?????

I tried not to be very lazy with this one; most of you chose long chapters so I'm trying my hardest, believe me– It's not always easy to give people what they want. Hope you enjoy!

Warning: Sensitive topics addressed ahead.

May 1st

The sound of chaos in the surface reached your ears, making you shake uncontrollably as tears welled up on your eyes.

19:00 p.m.

The path you worked so hard to build, where all your dreams lie ahead, crumbled beaneath your feet, sending you down into a dark abyss of danger and uncertainty.

The only hope for a brighter future killed himself by gunshot yesterday, at around 15:00 p.m..

There was no way of escaping your fate, you could almost hear the heavy tread of destiny as it wandered throught the empty, souless streets looking for you and your family.

A soft knock on the door of your quarters snapped you out of your state of grief. You turn to where the sound came from and force a smile on your face when your eyes find those of your eldest daughter. "Yes, West?"

The little girl stood on the tip of her feet to reach the door's handle, looking up at you with her big, shiny baby blue orbs. "Dinner is ready, mutti." She stated with her shy, gentle voice, it almost brought more tears to your eyes but you swallowed them down, not allowing yourself to cry in front of her.

You nodded and got up from your spot on the bed, taking her soft little hand into yours and letting her guide you to the dining area.

There, your husband and youngest son were already at the table. Reich hid his face on his hands and muttered some soft words you couldn't understand, while East was staring at the food on the table, swinging his feet underneath.

West sat besides her brother, while you sat opposite them. Now close to Reich, you could make out some of the words he uttered. "... sondern erlöse uns von dem Bösen."

Reich wasn't a religious person in the slightest. But once you find yourself in the deepest bottom, what more can you possibly lose, right? You smile with your quivering lips, looking up at your children, trying hard to engrave their features on your mind. They looked so oblivious to the impending doom around them, chatting and giggling innocently as if the world wasn't coming to an end.

With a soft "Amen", Reich sighed heavily, his hands came down and you noticed they were trembling wildly. The children now dug frantically on their food, grabbing everything close to their plates and even bickering for certain foods. You chuckled sadly at

their antics before looking over at Reich, who just stared ahead, looking at nothing but thinking on everything. His eyes were poisoned with guilt and everything from his posture to his clear lack of appetite showed how much this war had truly changed him.

You grabbed his hand, making him jump slightly, but he couldn't bring himself to look at you. His eyes watered ever so slightly as you rubbed his knuckles with your thumb. "It's not your fault." You silently whisper to him, trying not to be heard by the kids.

22:30 p.m.

West picked up her stuffed wolf from the floor, going up to her bed and burying herself under the piles of warm covers on it. East was laying on the next bed, besides hers, without a stuffie. He was used to sleeping with his little puppy, Wulf, everynight but he hasn't seen him in two days, nor has he seen Blondi either.

You gave them instructions to wait for you in their room. Meanwhile, you and Reich sat in silent on his office, waiting for any phone to go off or anyone to enter the room with any sort of news.

You stared down at your feet, not exactly looking at them. While Reich just stared at you, his heart weeping inside him. The phone went off, abruptly making you both jump on your skin. Reich looked at it and hesitated, before breathing in deeply and picking it up. "J– Ja?" His stutter made you wince slightly, and realease a shaky sigh you muffled with your hand. Reich kept the phone on his ear, listening carefully to the voice on the other line, before the call ended without another word from him. He hung up the phone and stared at his lap, you look up to find tears silently trailing down his cheek.

He sniffed loudly, looking up trying to swallow back any more tears, before he took a small box from one of his desk's drawers. Walking up to you slowly, he falls on one knee in front of you and grabs both of your hands with his free one, placing the box in your palms. "T– They're expected to reach the b– bunker in the morning."

Your mouth dried up instantly as you screamed inwardly. You already know what's inside this godforsaken object, you've talked

about this as a last resource but never actually agreed on using it. "(Y/n)... If you don't do this now–"

"The kids are waiting for their bedtime story." You calmly stand up, throwing the box at his feet, making the cyanide pills spill to the floor. Opening the door and closing it after yourself, you leave him sitting on the floor, alone and conflicted.

Carefully peeking through the door of the kids's room, you notice they are both already fast asleep, snoring softly. Silently entering, you see East has dropped the covers to the floor and West dropped her toy as well. You picked the wolf up and placed it under West's arm, before lifting East's covers and tucking him in. You kissed their foreheads and turned the lights off, tears spilling from your eyes as you walked away from them.

May 2nd

The chaos sounded louder by the minute, slowly approaching, but you're not trembling anymore.

04:05 a.m.

Except the kids, nobody else went to sleep. Your close friends, the soldiers and Reich's secretary were all packing up their stuff to leave the bunker as fast as they could, scampering all around like wild animals.

Reich's secretary offered to pack your bags as well the children's, but you denied firmly. No force in hell will make you abandon your husband in his last hours.

You sat in front of your vanity, picking the most beautiful and expensive jewelry you own and placing them inside a large paper envelope. Hopefully they are enough, because they are the only thing that will have any worth after this is over.

After that, you went to your closet and picked something pretty to use. You settled for wide-legged trousers, one of Reich's shirts and loafers. The pants hugged your midsections, accentuating your feminine curves, but it was better than wearing a dress right now.

You carefully open the door and search for someone with your eyes, motioning him to come closer once you made eye contact. One of Reich's personal guards. You look at the heavy envelope in your hands, sighing quietly. "I need you to give this to the kids when we go." You look up at him only to see terrified eyes masked under a stoic expression gazing back at you. "I don't know how, but make sure it doesn't fall into the wrong hands. Please."

"Ja, frau von Reich." Was his only answer before he gently took the envelope from your hands, going away to make guard in front of the kids's bedroom door like he was ordered to do. You close the door again, going to the vanity one last time.

Everything here is worthless now, even the reflection on the mirror. The only thing worth something, at least for you, is the golden ring in your finger. Determined, you glance around, making sure everything was right where it should be, before leaving the room one last time.

As you walked to your husband's office, you felt all eyes on you. As if everyone stopped what they were doing to just stare at you with their saddened, pitiful looks. You reach the door and knock on it, opening it without waiting for an answer.

Inside, Reich was sitting in front of his desk, his eyes swollen and red. In his desk there were two Luger pistols facing each other. You looked at him, a lump forming at the back of your throat, before going around the desk, taking his hands with yours and walking with him to the couch. He was practically stiff, his eyes were dark and they couldn't focus on anything anymore.

You two sat on the couch, you facing him, never loosening your grip on his hands. You took his gloves off and rubbed his cold hands with your warm ones, taking them up to your mouth and breathing hot air into them. He finally looked at you, gripping your hands back. "I'm sorr–"

You shush him with a hug, letting him rest his head on your shoulder and feeling the neverending river of tears flow through your skin, dampening the fabric of your shirt. "Shh, it's not your fault. You only did your best." He lifted his head a bit, gazing into

your own pained eyes before you pressed your forehead against his.

08:20 a.m.

By now, the halls of the bunker were partially empty. Just one soldier stayed behind, accompanied only by the the master electro-mechanic of the bunker and the corpses of those who committed suicide. Awaiting for anyone to come and either kill them or accept their surrender.

Inside Reich's office however, you two kept your ears outside, waiting for the right moment. Your mind was racing with thoughts of your children, but Reich told they'll be fine. And he's right; it's not them who they're looking for.

One of those heavy pistols was now in your hands, the other one on your husband's. The sheer weight of the metal object intimidated you. Reich had given you a quick rundown on how to hold it, how to lock and unlock it and how to pull the trigger.

The souless silence was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a phone ringing. Reich jumped, but you simply closed your eyes shut, knowing this was the sign you were dreading for. He looked over at you and gently turned your body to him by your shoulders. "Liebling, look at me."

You hesitantly opened your eyes to find his only a couple inches away. The gun was in his laps as he used his hands to hold your face close to his, your lips brushing ever so slightly. He carefully pressed his lips to yours, tracing your curves with his left hand before dropping it to his lap and picking up the gun.

You pulled back as you felt the barrel of the gun pressed to your chest and his right hand guinding yours to his own.

"Eins."

"Zw–... Zwei."

"Drei."

08:54 a.m.

The kids were woken up by their bedroom door opening abruptly. Their father's bodyguard entered and ordered them to get dressed and ready immediately. They did so, groaning and complaining about being tired. He stuffed a weird envelope inside West's backpack, burying it under all of her belongings. He also prepared East's backpack as well.

They tried asking him where they were going, but he did not answer. They tried asking for the whereabouts of their parents but, again, he did not answer.

He took them outside the bunker, they had to cover their eyes for they had never seen the sunlight so their eyes weren't prepared for it. West gripped the soldier's hand in pain but continued to walk nonetheless, whereas East started pulling on the strong grasp on his wrist, complaining about wanting to get back inside. The soldier pushed him forward, not caring if he hurt him while trying, but accidentally let his hand slip, loosening up his grip and allowing East to run back inside.

The soldier, not knowing what to do, told West to stay put as he ventured back inside the bunker after East.

East had gone inside to look for his parents, he assumed they had to be somewhere around here. He heard footsteps in one of the hallways and ran there, following the noise as fast as he could. His smile, however, fell when he realized those footsteps did not belong to any of his parents.

Three men, two wearing a weird green uniform while the first one wore a black coat, were standing in the doorway of his father's office, not realizing the presence of the little boy. The soldier ran after him, alerting the men, and he had no time to get his gun before one of the red soldiers shot him once in the head. East's eyes widened at this.

"Are you looking for your parents, little one?" The man wearing a black coat spoke to him. East tried nodding but couldn't move a muscle out of fear. The man seemed to understand this, for he grabbed the boy's shoulders and softly pulled him inside the office.

East felt his small heart stop and a painful shockwave run through his body. There, in the couch of his father's office, his father laid on top of his mother. A red pool oozing from his father's head, staining his mother's body. His father's eyes were dark, lifeless, staring at nothing, while his mother's eyes were calmly closed.

Suddenly, through the pain of something pushing on top of you and a big discomfort on your chest, you regained conscience. You remember your husband shooting you in the chest, the pain made your hand accidentally slip and pull the trigger on his head, killing him instantly. But you were alive, slowly bleeding yourself to dead.

Your eyes open, and you were able to distinguish the figure of a small boy around a group of taller men. Your tortured mind couldn't comprehend the danger of the situation.

East gasped when your eyes opened, only to feel one of the men pressing something big on his hands. A handgun. The man with the coat grabbed his small arms, using them to point the gun at your head.

He looked away, struggling to free himself from the bruising grasp. He only looked back after hearing the man speak once more.

"She's suffering, put her out of her misery."

You looked at your little boy, trying to hear anything but you couldn't. Feeling tired, you decided to close your eyes but still smile at him, as if to tell him everything will be okay.

He looked away, tears pouring from his eyes, as the man used one of his fingers to help the boy pull the trigger.

North Korea x Reader - Let Me Take You

[image]

So, uhh... Please don't mock me for listening to Nickelback. Lullaby is a great song and it came out before the worst year of my life lmao, like a real life foreshadow. :((((Life is mean sometimes.

Anyway, you know the drill: **Sensitive subjects ahead**. *Ily and hope you enjoy!*

You toss around on your bed, feeling uncomfortable out of a sudden. You woke up at 3 a.m. not knowing why, and couldn't go back to sleep since then. You felt strange shivers run down your spine, and a sudden urge to just bolt out of your room for whatever reason.

It's not everyday that you wake up feeling so hyperactive for literally no reason, but you attributed your anxiety to the fact that you're visiting your peculiar best friend, North Korea.

You've been best friends with him ever since the Cold War. You always tried to be there for him when he needed most, despite his various attempts to push you away. And today is no exception.

North Korea is just a tough cookie, stubborn and a bit hard-headed, but you have faith in him... You love him.

You smile dreamily as you feel your face heat up ever so slightly at your thoughts. But they're right, you do love him. Your heart aches at the thought of him being alone, or hurt. You wish you could always be there for him.

Looking over at the hotel's nightstand, the clock stares back with

the numbers 05:06 on it. You look around, trying to come up with something to do, but can't brush away the strange feeling on your chest. Finally, you pull yourself up with your elbows and reach for the hotel's telephone, which is a direct line to NK's room.

You don't want to bother him, just see if he's alright... And maybe wake him up to spend some quality time together, since you can't sleep.

The phone starts ringing, and the strange sensation gets even worse with each ringing noise. The line cuts off at the sixth ring, and you begrudgingly hang the phone.

He could be asleep, but the noise of the telephone should've woken him up... Unless...

You shake off those thoughts, sitting up on the bed, feeling extremely uneasy. You pick up the phone again after a couple of minutes.

The ringing noise greets you once again, making you tap your fingers against the plastic of the phone in frustration. You sighed heavily after the sixth ring cut off the line once again.

You get up from the bed, feeling your naked feet hit the cold floor and send a shockwave through your body. You shake off the feeling and walk to your closet, taking your robe out and putting it on before making your way outside.

The hallways were even colder than the room for their lack of heaters. You walk to NK's room slowly, intimidated by the soft slapping noise of your feet against the ground. You walk past the private bedroom of NK's very controversial but beloved leader, the guards keeping the door furrowed a hole in your head with their murderous looks.

Once you reach the door you were looking for, you press your ear to it, trying to hear any sort of noice. You did hear some rustling, and while your mind thought different, your heart prayed it was just the sound of snores and sleepy mumbles.

You carefully take the handle and attempt to open the door, only to find the door has been locked from the inside. Why did you expect something different?

This wasn't the way you wanted your trip to go. Being in front of NK's locked door on a cold freezing night, trembling from the cold and a terrible anxiety eating your mind away in the meantime, wasn't exactly what you wanted to be doing this early in the morning. You hesitantly brought your hand up and knocked softly on the smooth wooden surface of the door with your pale knuckles.

The rustling noise stopped and was replaced by a... Crying sound?

"Northie?" You called out while knocking again after getting no answer the first time. The sounds inside made you feel even worse if possible, and you soon find yourself banging on the door, practically begging for your sweetheart to open up to you.

"Go away, (Y/n)." Came a weak, raspy voice. It didn't sound like your NK; it sounded tired and empty. But you know your darling laid underneath all that pain, and you know to listen to more than just his awful words.

You suddenly lunged at the door, trying to get it open with the force of your body weight, not caring if you woke anybody else up. Tears threatened to spill from your dry eyes. "I'm not doing that. Open this door now, North!"

"WHY DO YOU CARE?!"

This made you stop, panting out of breath for your racing heart. You rest a hand on the door, as if it would somehow bring you closer to the tormented man that hid inside. "Because I care about you."

Limping footsteps neared the door before a strong force pressed itself on it. You didn't pull your hand away. "I want to help you." You continued, your voice softer than it was before. "I know you can find a light on the other side of this tunnel; something good to give you the solace you need." The sobbing at the other side of the door quieted down, lulled by your gentle tone and caring words.

"I may not be that, but I can guide you there." You noticed your body is no longer shaking, your tears dried up.

"Please, let me take you out of the darkness."

Slowly and quietly, you hear the lock of the door twist and snap. You look at the handle before reaching out to it and open the door.

Your eyes were immediately met with a dark, filthy bedroom. The reek of alcohol and odor of misery fouled the atmosphere of the room. Yet your body did not succumb to the preassure of despair.

Ignoring everything around you, you turn to the man who unlocked the door, whose eyes did not meet yours. His mouth was open as he breathed heavily, lips chapped and a light shade of blue. Shirtless, only wearing boxers, quivering in such a needy way like that of a lonely, lost child looking for just a little bit of sympathy.

The veins on his arms were protruding, like track marks followed by dark bruises all around them. Blisters seemed to appear alongside deep-dark, rounded and small holes near the veins.

Though your heart ached, your mind was still focused. You hastily take your robe off and gently slid it onto his own shoulders, taking his hand afterwards, feeling him tremble but never pull away. You guide him to your room, not paying attention to anything more than the soft sound of his feet walking after yours.

You run a bath for him, never letting go of his hand in the meantime. His eyes were still empty, but they begin to look glossy whenever you rub your hands together. When the tub is full and the steam filled the room, you carefully guide him inside it. Sitting besides the tub, you ever so gently scrub his body with a soft-smelling soap, being careful to not hurt any open wound.

His eyes regain life after his body regained color, letting out soft sighs every so often. You hum as you washed his greasy hair, massaging his scalp with care and affection. He slowly took his arm out of the water, searching for your hand to hold as a shy shine of light peeked through the clouded window.

North Korea is just a tough cookie, stubborn and a bit hard-headed, but you have faith in him... You love him.

And, even if it takes him a lot to open up sometimes, you know... He loves you too.

Soviet Union x Reader - Challenging History (🍆)

[image]

This was very fun to write but I kinda gave up on it a couple of months back , picked it up again a few weeks ago without knowing how to continue so it might be a bit confusing in some parts .

It contains a lemon , as stated in the title , but it is not the center of the story , I hope you don't mind lmao . This is part of a prequel . Have fun and enjoy !

Warning: Explicit mature content and sensitive topics adressed ahead.

You gripped the jacket that was laid under you, feeling tears and sweat running down your cheeks, panting so hard your vision went white again. You sighed when you felt him pull out, missing the strength of his fingers bruising your hips and the warmth of his chest being pressed against your back. You heard him pick up his pants and buckle his belt again, before feeling his hands pulling your own undergarments up.

"Are you okay?"

You brushed dirt off your dress as you walked back to the farm, trying hard to erase every bit of evidence of the sinful acts you've committed. The sound of a horse galloping away made your heart churn inside your chest. You didn't want to feel used but you couldn't avoid it.

Maybe this was your punishment for falling in love with the wrong man, a man outside your class.

You met him by coincidence one day, he was hunting near the family farm as your father and you had just returned from the village. You remember your father being absolutely enraged with the boy who had attempted to cross his property to chase a deer, only to find out moments later that this boy was none other than the Grand Prince of the Russian Empire; Red Russia. He apologized to your father, explaining how he had lost the guards escorting him while chasing for the deer, all the while stealing glaces at you. You felt uncomfortable with his eyes wandering around your form, like prey being stalked by the most dangerous of predators.

Ever since that day he kept popping up almost everywhere you went, exactly like a predator stalking its unsuspecting prey. He would just appear seemingly out of nowhere to talk to you. You tried to ignore him, to make him understand you weren't interested in the nicest way possible and without bringing your family any trouble, but he wouldn't give up. He tried to gain your trust and affection no matter what and, with time, you actually got to know each other pretty well. You found yourself slowly warming up to him to the point where you would wait for his visits, and feel betrayed if he didn't show up. You fell in love with him.

You want to be with him but things aren't as easy. He first needs his father's approval, and, according to tradition, even if the Holy and Mighty Russian Empire allowed his son to marry a peasant, Red Russia would be disowned and lose every succession right to the throne he now holds. Although he claims to not care about the crown, you can't just allow him to renounce to all his God-given rights for you.

And that's only a half of all problems, your father presents the worse half; since the tax increase, the ongoing war with Japan which your brother was sent to fight on, and now the lack of investment on the farm and livestock, your father's view of the Royal house has deteriorated.

Things don't look bright for neither of you, but
he continuously downplays the seriousness of it all just to make you smile for one or two seconds.

Three days soon passed and he did not show up. News of agitation and unrest reached the farm, which prompted your hard-working father —who was never fond of the idea of revolting before, and never missed a day out on his chores— to join in on the mass strikes against the empire. You could only think on those who depend on your family and all those other farmers for food and fiber, and all the days income you'd be losing.

Three days turned to five, and soon seven turned to nine, and there was still no sign of him. Since you two met, you have never spent so much time apart, but you decided to push your thoughts away and convince yourself that he was just busy helping his family with the sudden turmoil in the country.

That was until the events of the 9 of January. A crowd of more than 3,000 unarmed demonstrators were fired upon by soldiers of the Imperial Guard. News spread fast across the entire empire — disorder and looting broke out in some cities, including St. Petersburg. The Tsar was widely blamed for the crisis, resulting in a surge of hatred towards him, his rule, and even Mighty Russia himself. You remember as clearly as day when your father loaded up a shotgun to protect the farm, looked at you straight in the eyes and said: "From now on, (Y/n), we don't have a Tsar."

You were tending to the horses inside the barn, alone only with them. They have been neglected since the strike began, hungry and with a very bad hygiene.

While finishing to feed the last one of them, your ears caught the sound of another horse galloping your way, getting closer and closer, making your heart beat like crazy in joy and expectancy. You run outside and your breath hitched in your throat when you see him arrive, but he hastily got off from his horse, not bothering on tying him to the post, and ran to hug you tightly. You return the hug, breathing in his scent. He gave you no time to melt on his touch however, quickly pulling away to look at you, his eyes tired and slightly scared. "We don't have much time, we have to go!"

This takes you aback, your hands look for his to hold but he pulled away yet again. "What? What do you mean?" You ask as he now

goes to the front of the barn, careful not to be spotted by anyone, and looks around. "I'm leaving, and I'm taking you with me." He answers, without a drop of humor or sarcasm. He was dead serious. He went back to you, with the same determined look on his eyes. "Go back inside your house and bring some clothes. Now, (Y/n)!"

You didn't move an inch, not even to react when he yelled. Where did he want to take you? Why did he want to take you? All those questions resonated inside your mind, yet you find yourself unable to ask a single one of them. He notices your confusion but mistakes it for reluctance. Cupping your head with his hands, he locked your eyes together. "(Y/n), I love you." He spoke in a husky voice that immediately made your mouth dry up, and wasted no time to press his lips to yours afterwards.

Braiding his fingers between locks of your hair, he kissed you with a desperate force like you've never felt before. Hurting you in a way that you strangely enjoyed. You wrap your arms around his neck, pushing yourself impossibly closer to him, wanting to feel him in every sence of the word. You suddenly feel his hands under your thighs, lifting you up before wrapping your legs around his torso. You held to him as he walks to one of the empty stalls.

Pressing you against the wall, he hastily takes off your undergarments, the abrupt and blunt action making you gasp in both shame and a strange surge of lust like you've never experienced.

A faint whimper escaped your lips when the sound of rustling fabric reached your ears. He grabs your hips with the bruising strength you've come to adore, before burying himself deep inside you. Your lips part but no sounds comes out of your throat, he sighs in absolute delight at the warmth of your insides engulfing his member.

Pumping in and out, the consuming pleasure caused your moans to become louder everytime he hit your sweet spot, sending you to cloud nine all over again.

No other man could ever give you what Red Russia offers you. His love is unique, unparalleled to anything you could ever feel. If he

needs to leave, there is no way you'd let him go alone.

"Ru– Rus... Ahh!"

Your legs tremble in bliss as he gives a sudden hard thrust against your special spot, your grip on him tightening as you plead for him to do it again.

"Call–... Call me Soviet, from now on."

You were putty in his hands, all sense in your mind had already faded away, allowing you only to eagerly follow his lead. Your fingers dug on his uniform as he pushed himself deeper and harder inside you. "So– Soviet... More, please!"

You cried out, blinded by lust, coming closer to your release before you were suddenly pushed away. You felt him pull out but your vision was too cloudy to make out what had happened. You feel yourself sliding down the stall's wall, your buttocks hitting the hay in the floor.

The hard impact made your senses snap back in place, and all you could hear was yelling. You look up to find Red Russia hurrying to buckle his belt back on before scampering away, your father following close behind, shotgun in hand. You had no time to pick your pants back on, or brush the hay out of your dress, before running to him.

You quickly grab the barrel of the shotgun, standing between it and your lover. "Dad! Stop, please!" You yell out, looking back with pleading eyes begging for Red Russia to not leave you alone. He cowered near his horse, holding his hands out in defense.

"YOU THINK YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT?!"

Your father was blinded by rage, his face completely red. In a swift move he threw you away, and gave a warning shot near the boy's feet, causing his horse to jump to the side in fear. He quickly grabs the rein and mounts the frightened creature before making it bolt away.

"ALL YOU ROYALS ARE GOING TO HELL!!"

Weeks turned to months. Your brother came back after the war was over, and your life turned upside down from then on. When he came back, he brought some nasty traumas with him. He had lost an arm during a battle, and was almost captured during another. Needless to say, Almighty Russia had been completely humiliated in the eyes of the world.

Your father passed away during the winter of '13. Then, the world was put aflame after a Serbian man shot the Austrian Archduke and his wife. Although many women in your village enlisted in the army at some point or another, you refused time and time again. Not because you were scared, but because your father died without a Tsar, and so will you.

You never saw Red Rus– Soviet again. However, you did hear of him, especially during the Revolution of 1905. Apparently he did run away, just like he told you he would.

When he came back, he flooded the entire empire with the dirty blood of his own family.

During the Civil War, your brother, your mother and you were forced to either join the Whites, or give up the farm. You did what your father would've done in your place —grabbed his shotgun and stood up against the storms, ready to put your life on the line for the family. The Whites were quickly defeated by the villagers.

The war was soon over, and the Bolsheviks proclaimed the Russian Soviet Republic as a sovereign state. You would be lying if you were to say you never waited for him to come back. But, after a couple of years, your heart was forced to comprehend he had moved on. You did not blame him though, he heard his calling and you heard yours.

But, once in a while, the things he said lingered on your mind,

drowning you in the sorrow of the unfinished story you once shared.

"I love you , (Y/n)."

East Germany x Reader - Chasing Shadows

[image]

Short again , I'm sorry . As I said , it's not always easy to give people what they want , sometimes I wanna write the things I like too .

Anyway, speaking of something else: ***I just hit 500 followers!*** *<3 Thank you so much for your continuous support! What would y'all like me to do to celebrate? Comment down below!*

Hope you enjoy and have fun ! I love you 3000 ! <3

It would be amazing if it were all just a dream.

But you always find yourself staring at nothing.

Your friends have told you time and time again that you can count on them, you know that. It's not like you don't appreciate their effort and concerns, it's just that some problems really don't have an easy solution.

It may seem simple if you see it from the outside.

"Morning, (Y/n)!"

There he goes again.

"Shut up." You reply, making your way to the kitchen, trying as hard as always to ignore him. East Germany just chuckled at this, making you glare at him as you scoot away and check to see what's for breakfast in the pantries. "What do you want for breakfast?"

He sighed deeply. "Nothing." Was his only reply before he left the kitchen, to go God knows where.

He always does this, so you just roll your eyes and go back to your business.

Your thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the telephone ringing. You walk to the living room to aswer it before East can even think about doing it himself. "Hello?" You said before sticking your tongue out, mocking him for being slow, while he just shrugged and acted like it didn't bother him.

"Hi! (Y/n)!" The sound of his brother's voice made him look at the phone with a strange look. "I wanted to check on you, and also to tell you America and Canada have offered to take us to the movie theatre today... If you're interested."

East looks at you expectantly, waiting to hear what your answer would be. You glance around, before looking down at the floor. "No, I don't think I want to." You notice, from the corner of your eye, how East shook his head in disappointment. "I'm... Not feeling very well."

There was a sigh in the other side of the line. "(Y/n), please. You need to go out more." His voice was low, a mere whisper; one filled with guilt. You didn't like to be the reason he was feeling so bad with himself, but you can't do anything about it; forcing yourself to go out for his sake was not an option.

"No, West, I won't!" You don't wait for a reply before hanging up the phone on him. East just gazed at you as you left him alone in the room.

You made yourself a warm cup of coffee and settle on watching TV. Of course, you weren't alone. You probably never are to begin with.

He was walking around the room, as if he didn't live there with you, you had offered to make him his favorite warm chocolate but he declined. Like always.

You were focused on the show that played on TV right now, while he midlessly ghosted his hand over the various trinkets

and souvenirs in the stands on the wall, while his eyes analyzed the photos hanging besides them.

"Hey!"

His voice snapped you out of your little trance as you turned to see him fixated on a particular frame on the wall.

"You told me you'd burn the picture."

You immediately stood up and went over to him, snatching the picture off the wall before he could get his cold hands on it.

It was of you two, taken back in the 60's. You were wearing a pretty short dress while he wore his usual uniform. His arm around your shoulders and your arms around his torso. Both of your smiled, which was weird of him to do in photos.

"No, I couldn't." You defended yourself, walking back to the couch holding the frame close to your heart. "Why would you ask me to do that?"

"You said you would!"

His voice sounded hurt and betrayed, but mostly just pitiful.

"But I can't!"

You yell out, tears threatening to drop from your eyes as you hugged the photo close to your chest. You take your legs up as you start sobbing softly. You hear him sigh and slowly make his way up to you, before feeling his hands on your shoulders.

"I know. You never can."

His hands rubbed your shoulders caringly, before you felt him kiss the top of your head.

"But you have to."

You sob as you turned around to come face to face with nothing. Looking down at the photo in your hands, you can't avoid crying even louder.

"You have to let me go."

Good Morning Y'all

[image]

It ain't morning but I'm sure it is in someone's head.

Anyways~ ✧

BIG ASS SHOUT-OUT TO RedTrailStudios, who just put out their first book! A spin-off of the beloved USSR x Reader x Son!Russia, and it's honest to God SOOOO GOOD!! It's faithful to my original view of the Soviet family, while also clearly being its own rendition of it. Absolutely enjoyable so far with its first chapter, very promising!

You'll be sure to enjoy it yourself! So please go check it out and support our homie!

Today's lyrics of the day is: "Bent the whole world over and said, 'Spank you very much!'" from the song Tia Tamera from Queen Doja Cat ft. Rico Nasty.

Anybody gets haters, you know? It's just a clap back to haters, is to say, "Spank you very much for being so active on my platform. Thanks haters."

Haters only hate the things they can't have and the people they can't be. Negative people are only happy when they bring you down to their level. Whatever you do —good, bad or in between— people will always have something negative to say about it. Don't let them get the best of you. Smile and keep slaying~ 💁👌

United Kingdom x Pregnant! Reader - Patience

[image]

This chapter was brought to you by this lovely user: LiruAkerima. Thank you for requesting, darling, I hope this is of your liking! Have fun and enjoy!

Chamomile, peppermint, lavender and passionflower, and... Catnip? Really?

It was two in the morning right now, and you find yourself wide awake with the constant kicks and movements of the little life inside you. It was adorable at first, but now, nine months in, you just can't wait to have them out for once, and enjoy their kicks somewhere else!

You got up from the bed, trying not to wake anyone up in the process, and searched on Google how to make a sleepy tea. But the recipe you found was pretty... Complicated.

Looking on every pantry —except the lower ones— for the missing ingredient, you failed to notice the figure who sneaked up behind you. You were just too focused on finding the darn catnip! You sigh in frustration, closing the last pantry without any success on your search, before gasping when two arms suddenly wrapped themselves around you and a pair of lips pressed a soft kiss in your nape. "What are you doing up this late?"

His voice was groggy, meaning you most likely did wake him up. You moan in both irritation and embarrassment, refusing to turn

around and meet his face, causing him to lightly chuckle under his breath. His hands trail down your curves to rest on each side of your giant stomach. "Lil' bugger keeping you up again?" You nod your head, pouting like a child asking their mom for help with a bully.

He kisses your shoulder blade, caressing your stomach as well. "Go back to bed, I'll make you some tea." You sigh but nod again anyway, slowly making your way upstairs to your shared room.

You sit on the bed, crossing your legs in the process, and lay your hands over your stomach, feeling very clearly each small kick the little prince or princess gave inside your stomach. You take your husband's phone as well as the headphones lying in your bedside table. UK had made a playlist filled with songs he wanted the baby to listen to, most of them were Beatle songs. What else could you expect from him?

Giggling to yourself, you plug the headphones before carefully wrapping them on your stomach. This was awkward at first, but soon you found that the child was actually listening to the tunes, and interacting with them as well, kicking and moving along with the rhythm.

The next song in line was called "Strawberry Fields Forever", a very trippy one but mild in comparison to some others. Due to the placing of the headphones, some sounds could be heard at a short distance, and soon you're gently rocking at the music, holding your stomach as if you were truly rocking your baby to sleep.

You stop when the door is opened again, in comes your husband carrying a small tray with a cup of steamy hot tea. The sight of you smiling so warmly at him whilst having your arms wrapped around your stomach made his heart swell with pride and adoration. He laid the tray on your bedside table and handed you the cup, with a slight bow as would a butler. You giggle at this. "Thank you, Alfred. You can go now." You playfully reply after taking the cup from him.

He shakes his head and smiles at you before noticing the headphones playing music on your stomach. "Ah, Strawberry Fields." He carefully laid next to your bump, holding his head close

to it without actually pressing it onto you. "Nothing is real, and nothing to get hung about." He quietly sang along to the faint lyrics, tracing circles over your stomach. You shake your head but smiled nonetheless. You can't lie, it's a really wholesome scene. "I just hope our baby isn't born with an LSD addiction because of these songs." You mumble quietly, joking for the most part at least. He laughs softly at your comment, making you giggle as well.

The little bugger gave a particularly hard kick near his father's hand, making you wince slightly at the small impact inside you. "Oh-ho! Someone is grumpy." He jokingly said, rubbing the spot where the little one had kicked. "See? They do not appreciate it when you speak badly of their favorite songs!" You lift and eyebrow and playfully slap his head, he just laughs blissfully.

After finishing your tea you start feeling your eyelids heavier than before. You lie back on the bed, while UK keeps singing gently near your stomach, the mellow flavor of the tea still lingering in your mouth coupled with your husband's soothing voice was enough for you to black out in a matter of seconds.

The next morning, however, was anything but peaceful. You wake up feeling an extreme pain in your lower back, so bad you can barely get out of bed on your own. Each step you took was hell, you could feel your feet cramping underneath you. Feeling intimidated and scared about the situation, you call out for help from the upstairs bedroom, almost immediately hearing a pair of footsteps hurrying to your side. UK runs into the room, instantly stopping right besides you. "Are you okay?! What's wrong?!"

You don't know how to answer that, the pain spreads all over your lower abdomen, and soon you can feel your entire waist on fire. It felt like having your insides twisted, pulled, and squeezed. You grab onto him, fearing you may fall if you don't. He can just helplessly watch as you start panting out of panic.

You feel a strange pressure pulling out of you, and run a hand down to hold your groin, feeling how it suddenly started to secrete a thick, sticky substance. It wasn't until it dripped on the floor that you realized your water just broke.

Your grip on him tightens and your expression contorts into one of pure pain. You can only softly whisper at him. "Please get me to a hospital." He wasted no time and, as gently as he could through the rising panic, lifted you up on his arms, carrying you downstairs where he started frantically shouting orders at everyone in the house. As the entire world went mad around you, you could only feel an immeasurable pressure in your pelvis, like infernal menstrual cramps.

He gets you to the car, sitting right besides you in the backseat. His panicked voice kept reminding you to breathe, as if it were easy. You were whimpering, crying and screaming, sometimes running out of breath. Contraction after contraction, it all felt somehow wrong. No text in any book or YouTube video could've prepared you for the complex and overwhelming flood of pain that is a contraction. You can feel an alarming amount of warm substance coating your seat underneath you. You wonder if it is urine, and you want to believe it is, but your husband's face, which immediately pales when his eyes take notice of your seat, as well as his yelling is enough for you to understand that that is not the case.

You manage to follow his guided breathing exercises. In and out. Inhale and exhale. Your eyes locked on his all the time as he held your face with one hand and your hand in the other. His praising and sweet comments have the same calming effect as a cup of tea.

Until your eyes shoot open with yet another contraction, larger than the ones you've felt until now. You cry out like your life depended on it, dipping your head down as your hands claw on whatever they're holding.

Your eyes are tightly closed as the urge to push overwhelms you, driving you almost to the verge of insanity but, before you can indulge on your need, you suddenly feel a few different hands gently but swiftly carry you to what you can only hope is a hospital gurney. Once you feel yourself being carried away you finally succumb to the preassure.

Tears fall from your wide open eyes as you feel a burning sensation grow from within you. Your husband is right besides you, holding your hand tightly with a shaky smile on his lips as he and the

nurses encourage you to keep going. You try to focus on your husband's loving eyes, before taking a deep breath and letting it out with a scream as you push with all your might.

The experience is otherworldly. Time has no meaning. Pushing your child out felt like someone was ripping you apart from your inside.

And the seconds that stretch waiting to hear a baby cry are the most distressing moments in life.

It is especially harrowing when you can hear the doctor's and nurses's consternated voices but you can't hear your baby.

Yelling, loud and hysteric yelling, suddenly you can hear voices you haven't heard before flurrying into the room. You weakly glance up at UK, whose face slowly lost all color and life as he seems to stare dead at something in the doctor's hands. The doctor turns to the nurse, who walks up to you, gently placing a limp little body on your chest.

You found yourself unable to comprehend what is going on. You feel something drip on your shoulder and look up to see UK crying wordlessly, his tears falling from his face to your body. The nurse quickly scooped the motionless body up again and exited the room, your husband's eyes helplessly following the bundle on her arms.

An alarm wailing in the corridor outside reached your ears. You were still dazed from the birth and the monumental effort to make it happen. Your husband rests his head on your shoulder, squeezing your hand and you can feel more liquid pooling on you from his eyes.

The air around you thinned, the doctor's voice was muffled by your husband sobbing right next to your ear, although it soon stopped. You begin to feel a strange discomfort again, not quite the pain of a contraction. You open your eyes to a blinding light, your head feeling dizzy all of a sudden, making you lose consciousness in a matter of seconds.

UK watched as his wife's eyes slowly closed and her breathing died down. "Wh– What's going on?!" He asked, looking around aimlessly

as the doctor and the remaining nurses ran frantically to (Y/n)'s side. "We need more suction here." He heard the doctor said as a nurse hurried out of the room. He could only think on everything that has happened until now and how this misery in his heart seemed to not have end. He continued to squeeze his wife's hand, feeling so powerless and so despondent. Never before in his life has he weeped in such a way.

A nurse approaches him and ushers him out of the room, his eyes fixated on the lifeless expression in his wife's face. He refused to let go of that cold, frail hand, but the nurse gave him no other option.

He now sits in the waiting room, dreading for any notice —good or bad. He's motionless, feeling how his hands tremble very slightly on his lap, his eyes engrossed in the floor beneath him. He just watched the woman he adores give birth to his child, and now both of them have been taken away from him. Hours pass and no word can even begin to describe the absolute dreadful suffering he's enduring. He prays to everyone above for the sun to shine on him and his family once more, but the tragedy was, nevertheless, not inevitable, and his mind unconsciously prepares for it.

How are you supposed to react in a moment like this? UK closed his eyes, feeling tears sting his eyes once again as he heard footsteps approach him. He took a deep breath when he heard a female voice call out his name and resigned himself to look up just to find a nurse staring back at him. She smiled at him and said something that made his heart start beating again. His dull world spinned around as a beam of hope light it all up for him. With his heart dancing nervously, he cautiously followed the nurse. He washed his hands as the nurse instructed, before entering the intensive care nursery with her.

A doctor approached him when he walked in, and made it clear there was no reason to be concerned about the state of the baby. She was fine and healthy. As UK sighed, tears welled up on his eyes once again —happy tears now. "She." He repeats after the doctor, he hadn't paid attention to the baby's gender before now, having been too preoccupied with it's health.

The doctor could not give him a real explanation as to why his

daughter was born in such a fragile state. "It happens." Was all UK could make out of what was being said to him as he stared at the beautiful little person right in front of him.

He is so tired, physically and emotionally exhausted. Drained of all energy. Yet, when the nurse asked him if he wanted to hold his daughter, he didn't have to think twice to answer yes. And as the nurse gently handed him his newborn daughter, there was no way to describe how he felt. He was enthralled by those giant (e/c) shining orbs. Overwhelmed and petrified at the same time. It was cathartic.

He was already a father, but nothing of what he just went through felt familiar to him. It was such a different experience. It was awful. It was beautiful.

He smiled down at the small life he helped create, as she yawned softly, closing her eyes while gripping her father's sweater with a tiny hand.

After what felt like weeks, but were mere minutes, you wake up to be informed by the nurses about the emergency surgery the doctors had to perform on you. As you fidgeted on your bed you can see what she meant, you certainly did feel like you were cut open and stitched back together. You were given blood transfusions and pain relievers, which did not really help you feel better. You were so banged up, you looked like you've been in a bar fight.

But the fatigue immediately vanished when the nurse told you someone wanted to meet you. Then, and just then, did everything dawn on you.

Your husband entered the room, carrying a small pink bundle. The first thing that comes to your mind when you lay eyes on it was your husband's anthem, funnily enough. God Save the Queen; she's your Queen now.

"I've got you. I won't let go." Were the words that left your mouth the moment you held her. You hadn't even intended to speak, but you want to tell her. To reassure her, or maybe yourself. She was so vulnerable, she needed you.

Touch wasn't enough to satisfy that primal urge surging from inside you. You kissed every part of her skin you could find, smelled every bit of her natural scent. The first face to face communication after nine unnerving months. It didn't feel like in the movies, no, this was real. It was ethereal.

UK was right by your side, witnessing the moment
while unknowingly holding his breath. If only there was a way to describe an event with a melody; this would be a Clair De Lune moment, or maybe a Waltz of the Flowers moment. He was in awe by the astronomical strength of his wife to have beared such pain, and the resilience of his daughter to have persisted through it all alongside her mother.

Finally his girls were reunited. He let out a sigh, he lost count of how many times he did in the day. He was outside of himself, truly humbled. He let joy overwhelm him after having endured so much misery. He hugged his wife and daughter with gentle ferocity. Fatigue aside, a sense of completeness engulfed him.

As you rest your head on his shoulder, your eyes never leaving your daughter's closed ones, he felt complete somehow. Everything was as it should be.

Bullet Points: Living With Russia, Germany And America

[image]

Behind Closed Doors (Part I)

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Author's Note: Someone told me this format isn't called "headcanon"? In my defense everyone in Tumblr does these and they call them all the same. I didn't correct the title of the last miniseries because they're already made, it makes no sense to me to go back just to change that small little detail. Hopefully nobody gets annoyed or mad at me for it. I'll make more reaserch next time.

Anyway , I don't know who came up with this idea of Germany , America and Russia being roomates ? Like , it makes no sense lmao sorry . So here's my take on it , take it or leave it , it was fun ngl . Hope you enjoy !

• You're (Y/n) (L/n)

• Art student who just moved out of her parents' home

• You needed a new place and that took you here

• Right in front of this door

• Three guys lived here and were looking for another student to occupy the spare room

• You've made a little bit of research on them

• Asked some of their classmates about them – their personalities, their habits
~~~~

• Stalked them on social media a little

• You found out just enough

• The first guy, Germany, is 22

• He's in Law School, with an undergraduate degree in history

• He loves studying and is the best in every class

• An introvert, doesn't have many friends but isn't actually the shy type

• You found out through another student that his dad is in jail

• You still don't know under what charges though

• Next was America, 24

• Majoring in business management, after dropping out of marketing

• He's an okay student, not the best but not the worse

• He's an extrovert, is known for always being at parties and for never being able to keep a job for some reason

• His family is swimming in money – his dad is a politician and his mom a retired model

• Last but not least, Russia, the youngest of the bunch at 21

• You don't know much about him other than he's majoring in political science

• He's definitely an introvert, nobody you talked with has been able to even describe his voice

• His father is a simple economist

• Although you found some shady things with a quick Google search of his name

• It takes a lot of desperation to end up here

• But it was this, or joining a sorority

• You gently knock on the door, not hearing any noise coming from inside

• Looking at the window of the living room, you could not see anybody there

• The door opened suddenly, scaring the living crap out of you

• The tallest skyscraper you've ever seen opened it

• He looked you up and down before speaking

• "Sorry, we don't buy Girl Scout cookies."

• He was about to close the door on you but you put your foot down on it

• Trying not to show how irritated you actually are, you smiled up at him as you push open the door

• "You must be Russia. I'm (Y/n). I came for the roomate ad."

• You extend your hand for him to shake

• He eventually does

• His grip is tough but kind of shy

• He lets you in, closing the door behind you, and you gaze around

• It was a nice house

• No wonder they needed a fourth roomate, the rent of this thing must be expensive as sh-

• "(Y/n)!"

• A guy came down the stairs

• He looks like he sells bibles

• Germany, you assumed

• "I'm sorry, I did not realize what time it was. I was too busy with a project– Anyway, I'm Germany. I see you've already met Russia."

• Russia groaned and left the room

• "I don't know what he said to you but you should ignore him. He's stupid."

• You smiled and nodded in agreement

• Germany showed you around the first floor

• The kitchen, the dining area, the empty living room and the bathroom

• There was another room that used to be a fifth bedroom, according to him

• But they turned it into a home cinema instead

• Inside, you met America, who was watching How I Met Your Mother

• He winked at you and said the dumbest shit you've ever heard

• "Oh, quick! Someone vacuum my lap, I think this girl needs a clean place to sit on."

• **W o w**

• Germany cringed through his glasses

• And I think you died a little inside

• He showed you around the second floor

• And finally showed you your room

• This house was HUGE and ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS

• Your bedroom was exactly what you'd expect from such building

• And thinking on the way you'd decorate it only made it better

• But–...

• These motherfuckers you can live without

• Russia looks like he sells drugs and smells like soap hasn't been invented yet

• America seems like an incel

• And Germany...

• He's alright, but dUDE– One out of three ain't cutting it

• You finally huff and accept you really don't have another option

• You go downstairs to find the three guys speaking to each other

• You clear your throat and they instantly turn to you

• "So, did you make a decision?"

• Germany expects your answer patiently

• Russia looks bored

• And America is begging you to stay like an absolute manchild

• "Say yes, say yes, say yeeees."

• You roll your eyes and grunt inwardly

• "Yes, I'll stay."

• America throws his hands in the air

• Germany simply nods, and offers you a kind smile

• "Great! Rent is $1.500 each month, so each one of us should pay $375 by the end of the month for it."

• "Should be easy with the small loan of a million dollars America's dad gave him."

• "Haha, very funny, shithead."

• Yeah, they're stupid alright

• Your dad helped you move some of your stuff that week

• You begrudgingly invite the guys with you to Ikea to help buy whatever else you needed

• You can't lie, running around the aisles with them was funny

• At some point America tried to fit himself inside a cabinet

• Seeing as his fat ass wouldn't fit, Russia shoved him in anyway

• You and Germany laugh your asses off

• And you three run away when a staff member appeared

• He helped America out of the cabinet

• And threatened to ban him from the store for flirting with him afterwards

• You bought what you needed and the boys helped you carry the things inside America's truck – which was their only means of transportation

• Russia single-handedly carried it all upstairs for you

• You were kind of impressed

• Germany ordered pizza for dinner

• And you all talked about yourselves at the table

• The booze helped ease the tension too

• Russia talked about how he was forcefully enrolled on a military school as a child

• America talked about how his siblings were all from different mothers

• And Germany didn't really say much about himself until asked

• You got to know each other fairly well

• Although Germany is a very quiet and reserved individual, he's also strangely charismatic

• You find yourself warming up to him in no time

• And to Russia as well, who you soon learned did not actually sell drugs

• Thank God

• You even get along with America which you thought would be impossible at first

• His and Russia's fights are quite entertaining to watch

• "What shelter you find these at?"

• "The one your mother found you in."

• "You wanna ride?! Let's g o s o m e w h e r e."

• "WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?!"

• You all have breakfast together every morning

• And have intimate deep talks all the time

• "What does it mean when a black mole grows on your butt cheek?"

• "His mother just watched as I punched a tooth out of his mouth, then paid me $20. Five more than I expected."

• It was that or having them constantly mock you for your career decisions

• "aRt iS NoT A ReAl dEgReE."

• Sure, Jan

• And one night, America's mom invited you all over for dinner

• It was uncomfortable at first

• America and his dad didn't really get along

• Maybe it had something to do with the way his dad treated you

• Let's just say you've never seen someone so interested in you

• But it turned out to be a fun night in the end

• His siblings were literal memes

• And Germany kind of fell in love with America's mom

• You and Russia teased them both about it during the trip back home

• "Hey, (Y/n)!"

• "Yes, Russia?"

• "What do America and Germany have in common?"

• "tHeY BoTh cAlL FrAnCe "mOmMy'!"

• Things were just getting better every day

• You all studied together and helped each other in projects and such

• Which helped you get the highest grades in your subjects

• You also made other friends in your new college

• You end up going out almost every night

• Sometimes with them, sometimes with others

• But you're not very interested in dating right now

• And that's something a certain someone doesn't seem to understand

• His name is Gerald Thompson

• His friends call him Jerry

• But you call him Fuckboy

• He asked you out once

• And it didn't work out for you

• But he didn't give up for some reason

• And you soon start to notice how he seems to be following you around everyday

• If you take an acrylic painting class, he's there

• If you attend a crafting therapy session, he's there

• At first you shrugged it off

• Maybe he took an interest after talking to you about art?

• But then the guys also noticed the ever-present pair of eyes stalking them as well

• And it got to a point where you couldn't just ignore it

• He would call you at insane hours of the night

• Sounding like a crackhead

• Sometimes America picks up for you to scare him off

• But that doesn't work anymore

• Germany told you to get a restraining order

• But you foolishly decided against it

• You thought he ought to get bored eventually

• In the meantime, you got a new email address and a new phone number

• And blocked him from every social media you have

• You also came up with a code phrase to use with your friends in case you are in danger but can't speak freely

• "Do you have any Ibuprofen?" is your signal for your friends to contact campus security for you if things get out of control

• After a while, the stalking ceased

• You couldn't be more thankful

• You focused more on your career

• And hang out with your friends without having them feel uncomfortable out of nowhere

• Things were getting better

•

• One night, after staying late at the library

• You come home to a lot of people and loud music

• **ugHHh**

• You make your way inside, pushing people all around you until you find the man responsible

• "AMERICA WHAT THE FUCK MAN–"

• "What?! I can't hear you, I'm too busy blocking out the haters!"

• You punch him in the stomach and walk away

• As you're going upstairs, with plans of locking yourself in your room, a hand grabbing your wrist stops you

• You turn around and feel a shiver run down your spine

• "Hey, baby doll, where you've been?"

• Oh God

• You look around hoping to find America but he's gone now

• "Uhm... I've just been very busy, Jerry."

• "Oh, tsk! Don't worry about it then!"

• He walks you to the couch, and forces you to sit on his lap

• You try to comply, fearing what may happen if you don't

• You can feel his left hand rubbing your lower back, while his right hand gropes your thigh

• He buries his face in your hair, inhaling your scent like the creep he is

• Your glassy eyes desperately search around for anyone to aid you

• But no one is paying attention to what's happening in the couch

• "Uhh, Jerry, I have to pick something from my room real quick–"

• "Great, I'll go with you!"

•

Bullet Points: Living With Russia, Germany And America [Part II]

[image]

This one's long af, consider yourself warned.

This was much more complicated to write than it seems. There are parts where you can notice I just got hella lazy, and I don't even know how to correct them ***ughHHh****. Hopefully you can enjoy regardless. Have fun and remember, ily!*

• Even when you tried to stand up, he'd grab you

• Even when you tried to struggle, he'd hold you down

• You couldn't take this guy to your room

• It'll be your doom

• He's already pushing you upstairs as you plead to everyone with your eyes

• But nobody can see you

• Nobody can help you

• You reach the next floor, but there's no one here

• Your last resort is going to another room and praying the owner is inside

• "Which one's yours, doll?"

• Eeny, meany, miney, moe

• "This one, here!"

• You turn the knob and

• It's unlocked

• Empty

• You immediately start to panic

• Your heart stops as the sound of the door being locked reaches your ears

• You have no time to scream when a strong hand covers your mouth

• Your life flashes before your eyes

• You struggle as you feel his tongue trace the sweat drops that quickly form on your neck

• "You don't know how long I've waited to do this to you."

• Tears drop from your eyes as you try to push him off

• "Stop resisting, (Y/n). You'll be mine whether you want it or not."

• He muffles your pleas by slamming his mouth on yours

• You bite his tongue when it made its way inside your mouth

• He snaps back and you use this chance to pull away from him

• You try to run to the door but he quickly grabbed you from your sweater

• You scream bloody murder but the music downstairs is louder than your voice

• He throws you to the bed and gets on top of you

• You kick and punch, eventually hitting him in a weak spot

• He drops on his knees, holding his crotch in agony

• You scamper away from him and grab the nearest object as you hear him approach again

• He hastily turns you around

• "You'll regret that, you sl–!"

• He had no time to react before you slammed a table lamp on his head

• You knock him to the ground

• In the heat of the moment, all you can think on is leaving him unconscious

• So you repeatedly smash the base of the broken lamp on his head until you can no longer hear him scream

• Until you can no longer hear anything

•

• Until you can no longer feel anything

•

• Once your eyes realize the scene in front of you, you freeze in your tracks

• Your hand drops the bloody, broken lamp

• And you slowly you get up from the floor, feeling extremely dizzy

• Jerry's head is spread through the floor, the wall, the nightstand, the bed, your arms, your entire torso

• All mutilated

• You killed him

• You hold your suddenly sick stomach

• And before you can faint, you sit on the bed

• You should feel guilty

• But all you can feel is

• Relief

• You sigh, tears running down your face

• But it suddenly dawns on you

• You killed him

• You hold your hands to your mouth, incidentally tasting the metallic flavor in them

• Tears drop faster

• You just killed someone

• You're going to jail

• But he attacked you first!

• You were defending yourself!

• An entire lifetime of bad decisions flows through your mind

• You should've just filled the goddamn restraining order

• You should've asked for help

• You stand up and pace around the room

• You feel dirty and the smell is making you nauseous

• You need to get out of here

• But you're covered in blood!

• As panic seeps in, you failed to notice the window open and someone crawl in

• Denial sets in your mind while this figure entered the room behind you

• You're suddenly startled by a "What are you doing in my room?"

• You turn around to face Russia

• And his eyes immediately fall to your body

• Following the trail of blood until he found the corpse right besides his bed

• His first instinct is to back away

• And it hurts you to think he's afraid of you

• You feel a pain in your chest as you cry even louder

• "R-Russia, please h-help me!"

• He snapped out of his trance and went over to the dead body, scanning it

• Meanwhile you're stammering trying to explain yourself

• "H-He– He wanted t-to ra-ra-rape me! I-I couldn't– I didn't–!"

• He turned around and gently grabbed you by your shoulders, kneeling a bit to look directly into your eyes

• "I'm not blaming you. I believe you, okay? We're gonna get out of this, you're not alone."

• You can only nod

• He got his cellphone out and dialed something up as you sit back down on the bed

• Somebody answered and all Russia said was "Get out."

• "Get out of the house. Get as far away as you can so that nobody can hear you. It's important."

• You try to breath and look up to avoid looking at the corpse laying on the ground

• Russia changes to Facetime mode and you can see Germany in the other side

• His face immediately paled

• "WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED THERE?!"

• "Thompson tried to rape (Y/n). She defended herself."

• Hearing it from someone else certainly helped

• "Killing someone in self-defence is justifiable, right?"

• "N-No! I mean– Knocking someone out is self-defence, that guy was murdered!"

• Your breath hitches and the panic soon rises up again

• "GERMANY, PLEASE, PLEASE!! YOU HAVE TO HELP ME, I CAN'T GO TO JAIL, PLEASE!!"

• "W-We can speak to an attorney! T-They'll tell us what to do!"

• That's when Russia lost it

• "ARE YOU SERIOUS?! SHE'LL GO TO JAIL, ТУПИЦА!!" **(DUMBASS)**

• You wail uncontrollably

• This is it, the end of the path for you

• "YOU'RE SCARING HER, ARSCHLOCH!! (Y/n), don't listen to him, it'll be fine!" **(ASSHOLE)**

• You look back at Jerry's body laying on the floor

• The state you left him in won't be forgiven

• There's no other option

• "I can't go to prison."

• You hear Germany sigh

• "What's the plan then?"

•

• "(Y/n), I'm gonna need you to undress and give me all your clothes so we can burn it afterwards."

• Russia took out a bunch of things from his closet as you begin to undress just as he requested

• You're in such a state of shock you don't even realize you're about to strip naked right in front of him

• And he's so fixated on cleaning the mess that he doesn't even bother to look up at you anyway

• He picks your shirt up from the floor and wrapped Jerry's head in it, tying it on the neck to stop the bleeding

• You are left in nothing but your underwear and trembling limbs

• He treats the blood stains on the floor like an expert

• Sprinkling baking soda, wiping it with hydrogen peroxide and gently rubbing the area with a steel wool before drying everything with a dry cloth

• Do they teach this in military academy?

• "I got America, but he's intoxicated."

• Russia picks up the phone again

• "Doesn't matter, we still follow the plan."

• He went to the door and opened it carefully, inspecting the surroundings before hurrying you outside and into the bathroom

• You throw your underwear off, get in the tub and turn on the

shower, aggressively scrubbing the blood off your body

• Crying in the process

• Telling yourself sweet lies to calm down

• Nobody will know

• Nobody will find out

•

• The guys won't allow it

•

• When you're done, you put on some of Russia's clothes that you brought with you

• And go back to the room

• You knock twice

• And the door opens before an arm pushes you inside, locking it behind you

• The body is gone

• But there's a huge trash bag in its place

• "Remember, Germany, if anybody asks you're just taking him to the hospital."

• Germany sighed and ended the call

• Russia turned to you, kneeling once again

• "Now, (Y/n); I'm gonna jump through the window. You'll throw the trash bag after, I'll take it and hide it in the back of the truck."

• You nod through a shaky sigh

• "Then, I'll help you get down from the window and we'll walk to

the truck as if nothing happened."

• Your lower lip quivers as your vision gets blurry once again

• "No one will notice, I promise."

• He cupped your face and kissed your forehead

• "You did the right thing."

• He whispered against your skin

• Before going to the window, opening it and dropping down

• You take a deep breath, and blink a couple of times to swallow back the tears

• You walk to the bag and lift it

• It's too heavy so you have some difficulties

• Your feet feel the bottom of it

• It feels wet inside

• You finally get it through the windowsill

• And carefully lower it right into Russia's arms

• He catches it and quickly runs to the truck, throwing it on the back before pulling the bed cover on to hide it

• Just as Germany walks out of the house, practically carrying America on his arms

• Russia walks back to the window, extending his arms gesturing for you to jump

• You have to close your eyes, fearing the impact

• But you fall right into Russia's arms

• You both quickly run to the truck, getting into the backseat as

Germany starts the engine

• "Now, drive calmly. There's no reason to speed up."

• You try not to think on how surreal this whole situation feels

• And do a breathing exercise to calm down

• America, in his drunken state, tried to turn the radio on

• Only to have his hand slapped away

• That would've made you giggle before

• And you wonder if you'll ever be able to laugh again

• Before you can reach your destination a police car appears

• Its siren demands the truck to pull over

• Germany looks back at Russia through the rear-view mirror

• And Russia nods

• You close your eyes as the truck slows to a stop, your breath quickly caught up in your throat

• An officer came out of the car

• He glances at everyone in the car, stopping his eyes on your trembling form

• "Let me see your papers, young man."

• Germany takes out his driver licence as well as the vehicle registration

• The officer scans everything before nodding

• He leans on the window once more after giving everything back

• Pointing a flashlight right at Germany's face

• It glistens with sweat

• "Where are y'all going this late?"

• Germany tries to disguise his anxiety with an indifferent expression

• "We're taking our friend to the hospital."

• He points at America, who had fallen asleep by now

• The officer shines his flashlight at America's face

• "He seems fine to me."

• You could cry with how long this is taking

• If the officer asks to see the back of the truck

• It'll be your doom

• "You, on the other hand, young lady..."

• You're momentarily blinded by a light

• "You look like you've seen an alien. Everything okay?"

• Russia looks at you from the corner of his eye

• You can only squint at the officer as he shines his flashlight into your face

• But he can notice how your chest rises and falls at an alarming rate

• He also noticed how Russia eyes you

• "Get out of the car, please."

• The guys look at you as you do what the officer asked

• You walk around the truck

• The officer places an arm around your shoulders, walking you to his car

• "Do you have something you want to tell me?"

• You can feel tears welling up on your eyes

• "No, sir."

• He doesn't seem convinced

• "You don't have to hide anything, I'm here to help you."

• You don't know how you managed to speak without breaking down

• But you did it

• "I'm only worried about my friend. He needs medical assistance."

• He glances at your oversized hoodie and men's jeans

• Before turning his head back at the truck, warily

• Without much to do he nods

• He lectures you about how it would've been safer to have called and waited for the EMS

• You shakily thank the officer as he leaves, a single tear of panic running down your cheek

• You walk back to the truck

• The guys said nothing as you came back in

• The police car did not start until the truck did it first

• And Germany had to drive in direction to the hospital before losing the car

• You breath out a sigh of relief once the car disappears

• "Keep driving."

•

• The truck reached the forest

• Russia took the bag from the back

• And Germany took the shovel Russia asked him to pick up

• You all walk to the backwoods

• You helped America walk, as he was still tipsy

• "Hey, (Y/n)."

• You look at America as you held his arm

• He looks at you with a slight smile

• "Remember the movie we watched together the other night?"

• You turn your head to watch where you're going but nod anyway

• "Remember the song you said you liked?"

• You nod again

• "This would be a good time to sing it."

• You immediately know where he's trying to go from there

• "I'm insane but on my toes, I could keep the world balanced on my nose."

• Germany glances behind his shoulder at you

• "I had a slumber party with all my foes. Now I wear them like a badge of honor on my clothes."

• You put emphasis on the last sentence, feeling the strange surge of relief from earlier once again

• America nods as you sing, the smile never leaving his face

• He puts his arm around your shoulder in a side hug

• Whispering

• "You did the right thing."

• On your ear, before kissing your head

• You smile for the first time on the night

• But it disappears as soon as your eyes lock with Germany's

• His eyes were filled with something that could only be described as disappointment

• "Right here."

• Russia said, calling everyone's attention

• You all take turns digging

• America can't keep his mouth shut because of his growing anxiety

• And Russia seems out of it, always checking behind his shoulder in fear

• Germany is the only one who keeps quiet, looking almost unfazed and distant

• When the hole is ready, Russia threw the trash bag inside

• To everyone's surprise, he opens the bag

• And just as America is about to yell something, Russia takes out the broken lamp

• You avert your eyes

• "This– This is the thing that was used to kill the guy... It has (Y/n)'s fingerprints, and now mine as well."

• You look back at him in surprise

• "W-Why–..?"

• "I told you, you're not alone."

• He smiles at you

• America goes up to him and snatches the lamp on his own hands

• He plays with it for a little, pretending it's a baseball bat

• You give him a shaky smile, you know he's just trying to make you laugh

• But when he hands it to Germany

• The latter just stares at it, giving a step back

• This made the rest of you panic

• Russia calls out to him and his voice cracks in fear

• Germany wouldn't just ditch you all now, would he?

• You stare at him and looks at you before looking down at the floor again

•

• Would he?

•

• "I never told anyone why my dad is in jail."

• "THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR THAT!"

• Russia yells anxiously but you shush him

• You want to hear what Germany has to say

• He's looking at his shoes and you feel like he's going to break

down any second now

• "My dad is a Nazi. He raised me with those 'beliefs.'"

• Everyone is clearly taken aback by this

• "Even today I struggle to tell what's right and what isn't, because everything I was taught when I was a kid came from a book called Mein Kampf."

• He smiled sadly while he spoke

• The air around you became tense

• "One day, I-I met this girl... I didn't know she was Jewish– I didn't care, so I invited her home without problem."

• His sad smile dropped

• So did your stomach

• "My father killed her the next day. 'For your own good', he said to me."

• The sheer amount of pain in Germany's eyes had tears welling up on your own eyes

• "But that's not why he's in jail!"

• He laughed maniacally

• "He's in jail for– FOR TAX EVASION!"

• He completely loses it and drops to the ground

• Holding his head as angry tears pour from his eyes

• "Hey man–"

• America tries to walk up to him, only for Germany to lift his head and glare up at him

• "If a Jewish person disappears, are you not going to take the Nazi

man as a suspect?!"

• America lifts his hands and steps back

• You look at Germany with your own teary eyes

• "LAW FAILED!! It failed Yiska and it would've failed (Y/n) as well."

• You gasp, finally understanding him

• "They don't care about us. We're just another name in the obituary."

• You walk up to Germany and offer a hand to help him up

• He accepts it

• And pulls you into a hug

• You hug back without a second thought

• "You did the right thing."

• He said, only pulling away to kiss your forehead

• Without another word, he took the lamp on his hands

• Russia puts it back inside the trash bag

• Before you all bury it together

• And leave in silence as the sun rises in the horizon

•

Bullet Points: Living With Russia, Germany And America [Ending]

[image]

Here's the ending, ladies and gentleman, thank you for your infinite patience.

You murdered someone and the bois helped cover it up... What will happen now? Hope you enjoy!

• When you got back home, there were still people inside

• A few students drinking and talking in the porch

• And a couple of stoners smoking in the living room

• Germany kindly asked the mildly sober ones to leave

• While Russia quite literally kicked the rest out

• America went to take a nap

• And you went to take another shower and change out of Russia's clothes

• Germany cut a Clonazepam pill into quarters for each of you

• It helped you relax and you were able to sleep that night

• For the next 48 hours, you all religiously cleaned up and reorganized the entire house from top to bottom

• You offered Russia to switch bedrooms with you, but he declined

• Eventually, the police showed up to the house

• Germany said this was bound to happen

• So you had plenty of time to learn how to keep your composure before actually being interrogated

• They informed you that Gerald Thompson had gone missing the night of the party

• They asked if you knew anything about his whereabouts

• Why would you?

• He was just a creep with no friends

• Without much evidence to keep asking questions, they just left you alone

• For now at least

• You resumed your daily activities

• Strangely enough, moving on was easier than you expected

• Your grades kept the same way

• Your daily activities were unaffected

• People waved at you and greeted you with care in the halls and campus

• Nobody even suspected it was you

• Why would they?

• The guys also seemed to be pretty unface by it all

• Or that's what they showed

• Germany was busy all the time, so he had no time to complain

• America was his usual annoying self

• And Russia kept on drinking like it was nobody's business

• Today, for example

• You all talked and laughed over breakfast

• While Jerry's mother cried on local TV

•

• But, unbeknown to you, some people kept a very close eye on you

•

• With time, you guys learnt to bond over that experience

• It brought you closer together

• It made you more than just friends

• Your relationship deepened

• You became family

• And family supports each other

• You couldn't leave the house without them

• Nobody could invite someone else to the house without the rest consenting to it

• Most of the time at least one of you wouldn't consent for one reason or another

• So you all started isolating yourselves inside your own little group

• Even though you all had your group of friends in campus

• You truly only had yourselves

• And that was all you needed

•

• Time passed

• 3 months to be exact

• Police investigation hadn't ceased

• But you stopped paying attention to it

• Germany convinced you law enforcement would be unable to make any actual connection to you and Jerry's disappearence

• He was right, so you shrugged it off

• You would never doubt of his loyalty towards you

• Which is why you're baking his favorite chocolate cake today

• You know he's been very stressed lately so you just want to make him smile for once

• You put the cake, fresh out of the oven, to cool down on the window sill

• And take your time to prepare everyone's coffee just the way they like

• Black for Germany

• Espresso for Russia

• Sweetened for America

• "Is that cOVFEFE I SMELL?!"

• Oh no

• You stand in the doorway as America comes down the stairs

• His eyes glistened when he saw the precious black cake sitting on the window

• "IS THAT A CAKE?!"

• OH NO

• You quickly grab the cake, burning your hands in the process, and run away from the hungry American chasing after you

• You laugh as you turn left in the corner, making America slip on a rug

• And lock yourself insdie Germany's office as to escape your roomate

• "No fair, (Y/n), why would you make a cake if you're not gonna share? Sharing is caring!"

• You laugh at his stupid excuses

• "Sounds like communism to me."

• You can hear America gag and pretend to throw up from behind the door

• You laugh but your hands are seriously getting burned

• So you carefully walk over to Germany's desk to lie the cake there

• Glancing around as to find a way to pass your time while the cake cools down in a safer place now

• Your eyes travel around the desk

• And stop at a picture

•

• A picture of you

• What the hell

•

• You take the folder with the picture of you in it and open it

• It doesn't take long to find out this is a criminal record

• WHAT THE HELL

• It is partially empty, except for a few pages detailing that one time you assaulted a bully in high school

• You lower your eyes to see the rest of the papers in the desk

• And realize they were all papers surrounding the disappearence of Jerry

• *"What is this?!"*

• Thoughts fly around in your mind as you exit the room

• To come face to face with it's owner

• "What are you doing in my office?"

• Germany's voice sounds nervous but his face seems like he tries to hide it

• "You want to explain something, Germs?"

• You stand your ground, crossing your arms on your chest as you glare up at him

• His eyes escape from yours as he stutters something out

• "SAY SOMETHING!"

• America and Russia notice the commotion and quickly walk over to the two of you

• "What's going on?"

• You go back into the room, to grab the papers about you and throw them into Russia's hands as you walk away

• Russia glances at the papers in his hand then back at Germany

• But the latter was already running behind you

• "(Y/n), stop! Listen to me!"

• You refused to do it

• Tears trailed down your eyes

• You couldn't believe Germany would doubt your innocence like that

• After all you've been through together!

• You walk up to the front door

• But as you go to open it

• A knock comes from outside

• You stop right where you are

• America goes to the window and you watch his eyes widen as he closes the curtains

• "It's the law."

• He whispers

• Your eyes open the size of plates as you back away from the door

• Germany tries to open the door but Russia pushes him away as quietly as possible

• He goes to open the door himself

• Not before making a sign with his fingers for you all to stay quiet

• The door opens

• And the face of the same policeman that pulled you over the day of the murder greets you

• "Hello, young man. May I have a word with y'all?"

• Russia nods at the officer

• "Officer. What do I owe the pleasure?"

• The officer makes his way into the house

• His eyes travel from Russia to America, to Germany and finally rest on you

• You can only pray the tears on your face are dried enough to not raise any suspicion

• The officer glances around, inspecting the house with his eyes

• Germany clears his mouth, calling the attention of everyone in the room

• Russia glares at him

• You and America shoot a pleading look

• *"Please be quiet."*

• "Officer you cannot come into a house just like that."

• The policeman chuckles

• "You've read your book, I see."

• He walks over to Germany and takes out a paper from his pocket

• "I can with one of these... In fact..."

• Germany quickly glances at the paper

• It's an arrest warrant

• The moment he always feared has arrived

• "This little paper right here allows me to take you all into custody. So please do come with me."

•

• Before you know it, you're being taken into a police car

• You struggle to get inside with your wobbly legs

• The boys are dragged in after you

• The back of the car is cramped up with you four barely fitting inside

• But the officer pays no mind to it as he starts the car and drives off

• You're taken into a police station

• Everybody there glances your way as you're dragged to the back

• To an interrogationg room

• The boys were being detained in other rooms

• Probably being questioned as well

• Not knowing what to do is killing you inside

• Are they going to snitch on you?

• This thought made a wall of tears build up on your eyes, blurrying your vision

• As you sat in the cold chair of this dismal room

• You wondered what to do next

• Should you ever trust the guys again?

• This wasn't what they promised

• They promised nothing would ever happen to you again

• Your thoughts are interrupted by two men entering the room

• "Hello, miss (L/n)."

• You said nothing

• "We're just going to ask you a few questions, okay?"

• You remember watching Law & Order SVU with Germany in his

days off

• And remember how he would explain why people often chose to stay quiet until their lawyer is present to defend them

• So that's what you did

• "Miss (L/n), where were you the night of October 3rd?"

• Nothing

• "Miss (L/n)?"

• Zip

• "You won't answer?"

• Nada

• "I want a lawyer."

• They looked at you like predators that just outsmarted their prey

• But agreed nonetheless

• Three hours later

• A man came into the room

• He introduced himself as Joaquin Wright, your defence attorney

• He asked you everything that he needed to know as to why you're there

• "I don't know why I'm here."

• You answered honestly

• "I need to go with my roomates."

• "Why?"

• You didn't answer

• When the men returned they took you out of the room

• They didn't let you out

• But now you have more time to talk with the guys

• In the cell you'll all be spending the night on

•

• The guys arrived to the same cell one by one

• When they saw you they'd immediately ask you what happened

• You always answered

• "I don't know."

• With a serious expression and a cold tone in your voice

• You knew one of them had to have rattled out on you

• Otherwise why would you be here?

• It had to be Germany

• But Russia also seemed very suspicious to you

• You didn't even know who to trust anymore

•

• The night went on silently as people went in and out of the cells all the time

• And the men there just wouldn't stop cat-calling you when they saw you

• This whole ordeal made you very uneasy

• You wished you could be home right now

•

• The officers allowed you guys to make one call each in the morning

• Germany didn't use his turn

• America used his to call his family but nobody picked up

• Russia didn't tell you who he called but he spend a rather long time on the phone

• The interrogation continued

• With your lawyer present, the police now showed you a bunch of documents

•

• Stating all the evidence on how you four murdered Gerald Thompson

•

• Apparently his body had been found by a K9 search

• Along with a broken lamp

• With Germany's fingerprints

• America's

• Russia's

• And yours

•

• This wasn't happening

• The room was spinning

• Your lawyer asked for some time alone with you

• As soon as the men allowed this and left the room

• He turned to you and asked

• "Did you do it?"

• You couldn't talk

• You just couldn't comprehend any of this

• None of this was supposed to happen

• "Well, did you?"

• You looked at him with tears in your eyes and your bottom lip trembling

• One look at your expression was enough

•

• *"Yes."*

•

•

•

• As soon as news got out that you four had been arrested

• The entire university was shooked to its core

• Four of the nicest people

• Kind, smart Germany

• Future lawyer

• Bubbly, handsome America

• Future CEO

• Humble, serious Russia

• Aspiring politician

• And the most inoffensive, most pretty and friendly person in probably the entire campus

• (Y/n)

• An artist

•

• Nobody could believe it

• This was the trial of the century

• "The People v. The Four Students"

• Headlines all over the country classified this as a "failure of society"

• They blamed parents left and right

• Yours specifically

•

• Speaking of parents

• Your parents immediately went to see you after they had found out

• They were convinced this was just a huge misunderstanding

• They believed in your innocence

• They were present during the trials

• But the guys didn't have it so well on their end

• Germany would receive calls from his father

• In which he would advice the young German boy on how to *do it better next time*

• *"You and I aren't as different as you think."*

• America's mother visited him every day

• She was also present during the trials

• But his father wasn't

• As a matter of fact, he would go on national TV and speak badly of his own son

• *"I have no doubt he did it. For the record, I have no son going by that name."*

• And Russia's father was the first one to appear

• As Russia called him to apologize for what he was about to hear on the news

• He slapped Russia hard when he saw him, and had to be contained by police

• But Russia's older brothers still supported him and even offered him to hire a different lawyer for him, to which he refused

• *"Don't listen to him. We all know he's done worse things."*

•

• During the few moments that you were locked in the cell with them

• You would talk about what to do next

• You felt guilty for thinking they'd ever snitch on you

• As Germany confessed he was only making up a hypothetical case in your defence

• Who knew it'd come in handy to your actual defence months later

• You apologized to the guys

• "It's not your fault."

• "Yeah, you did nothing wrong."

• "I'd do it all over again for you."

•

•

•

• **"How do you declare yourself?"**

•

•

•

• "My client is not guilty, your honor."

• The trial was coming to an end

• You knew the jury wasn't really on your side

• Despite all the evidence shown to showcase your innocence

• Witnesses accounts about how Jerry used to stalk you all the time

• Hard evidence of an obvious sick obsession

• Some people still believe murder was not the way out

•

• But they weren't in your shoes that night

•

• The final arguments were the worse

• Prosecutor treated you as the mastermind behind a premeditated

crime

• And as you sit behind a chair in front of everyone

• Your eyes can't help but look over at the boys

• They were worried sick for you

• But you were worried for them

• They didn't deserve this

•

• The judge gave you another chance

• "Did you kill Gerald Thompson the night of October 3rd?"

• He asked

• And you knew what to do

• "I-..."

• You looked over at the guys once again

• And smiled at them

•

•

•

• **"I did it, your honor."**

•

•

•

• Silence filled the room

• "Objection!"

• Defence tried to overrule your statement

• But it was denied

• Prosecutor was just as surprised as any other person in the jury

• The judge asked a simple question

• That everybody had in their mind

• *"Why?"*

• And as you thought of an answer

• In your mind you realized why you never felt guilty

• Why you don't regret having killed him

• "Because he tried to rape me."

• Again, silence

• "Objection!"

• Prosecutor tried to overrule your statement

• But it was denied

• Your eyes locked with the teary eyes of Jerry's mother

• "Maybe if you had raised a better child we wouldn't be here right now, Ms. Thompson."

• As you finished your sentence, everyone in the public stood up screaming

• Some against you, some supporting you

• But you paid no mind to it

• The boys all jumped as well

• "Why the hell did you do that?!"

• "(Y/n), what the hell did you do?!"

• "Are you insane, you can go to jail!"

• But you just smiled at them

• "But at least you guys won't."

• They opened their mouths as to say something

• "Order! ORDER IN THE COURT!"

• The jury leaves to make a decision

• And you are all escorted back to the cell

• To wait

•

•

•

• Germany was declared not guilty

•

•

•

• America was declared not guilty

•

•

•

• Russia was declared not guilty

•

•

•

• You were declared guilty of involuntary manslaughter and sentenced to 5 years without parole

•

•

•

• Jerry's mom did not say a word about the incident since then

• Your parents continued to believe in your innocence

• The ways of life are strange

• One day you're home making a cake

• The next one you're in jail for second degree murder

• Such is life

• You kept on studying while in jail, as the judge allowed it

• And kept in contact with the guys

• Your family

• Germany was the first one to graduate

• Then America

• And Russia dropped out a year after you were sentenced

• Germany became a murder defence attorney

• And was hired by Joaquin Wright's firm

• America was disowned by his father

• But went on to create his own small foundation

• Helping ex-convicts rehabilitate and give them a chance at getting a job and rejoin society

• And Russia wanted to rejoin the military

• But you convinced him not to

• Instead, he accepted to be your agent

• Selling your pieces to the outside world on the Internet and in art galleries

• Let's just say having a controversial background calls more attention than you expected

•

• It's been 5 long years

• And that brought you here

• Right outside these gates

• With those three boys smiling at you as they picked you up from prison

• As you run up to them, tears coming from your eyes

• You can't help but thank life for its strange ways

• You didn't waste your life

• And now you're ready to move on with it

• Along side your family

• You truly made the right thing, (Y/n).

USSR x Reader - Go Back, Come Home

[image]

Hey everyone! First of all, I've got something to say but, for the sake of not stealing your time when you're just looking for something to read, I included this statement at the end of the chappie. It is important to me, so I'd appreciate if you could take a few seconds to read. You don't even have to comment.

Thank you for reading. I love you. I hope you enjoy!

---

378 km above planet Earth. Temperature, -270.42 Celsius; -454.75 Fahrenheit.

There's no way to carry sounds. There's no air pressure, no oxygen.

It should scare him. If not for the isolation itself, for the aggressive unexplored territory ahead of him, surrounding him completely. Life here is impossible.

But no. Soviet sees it differently. Enthralled by the sheer magnitude of the mythical blue planet we call Earth —oh, how majestic does it look, slowly spinning, floating in the endless void of space. All alone, yet full of life.

"Дух 8, do you copy?"

The deadly silence is broken by Mission Control, speaking through the radio to communicate with him and the rest of the crew, interrupting him from his trance. "Mission Commander here. Running level one diagnostics on circuits, sensors, and power. Standby."

While his crew members were working on ensuring the station is in good shape, Soviet conducted a simple spacewalk, like he's done many times before. He's far too distracted to be of any help anyway. He never stays on board for too much time, the longest he's been on space for were twenty days; his presence is much more needed back home.

Yet his adoration for space was sometimes dangerous, enough for him to want to risk everything just for a chance to fly up there at least for a day. This mission was not exception to the rule but, who could blame him? When this perfect orb —with white clouds twirling and dancing in beautiful patterns across the deep blue hue of the oceans and the flushes of greens, yellows and browns of the continents— it's *right there* for him. It humbles him, brings him down to an almost pathetic state of childlike glee.

He could never bring himself to confess it to his wife, (Y/n), but the happiness this sight awards him rivals —if not, surpasses— every terrestrial event they shared. From their first kiss, to the birth of his sons; it all felt irrelevant once he was up here.

He felt like a baby in his mother's arms again.

Not like he ever knew his mother in the first place.

"Standing by." The radio replied. "Enjoying the view, Советский?" Soviet could practically feel the smirk in the flight controller's face. It was no secret to anyone in the agency what space meant for him,

and they do enjoy teasing him and poking fun at this adulterous passion burning in his heart; even if most of the time this meant getting in trouble once he returns.

Soviet chuckled in fake irritation, he wasn't himself when he was up here. He was happy, and completely unbothered. "Don't mind if I do." He replied, his voice filled sarcasm as uncharacteristic as that might be. A shy giggle sounded on his radio, it belonged to one of his crew members; Tatiana Vasilieva.

Yes, he had taken the trouble of getting to know their names, and where they came from. He's not a very talkative person, unless you consider business talks. Yet, right now, he felt the need to be friendly with these people, these— complete strangers! "Ah, Tatiana! You have a voice, who would've thought?" He turned around to face her, an strangely charming grin on his face, one that hasn't been there since he was seventeen —single, without children. Tatiana reciprocated the action, with a bashful smile of her own.

He wasn't entirely aware of this strangely flirty attitude of his, yet he wasn't entirely oblivious either. He knew very well that if his wife (Y/n) found out about any of this, he would never hear the end of it; but then again, she had no reason to find out.

As pitiful and immature of a behaviour as this was, outer space was his *nirvana* – here he could transcend his own sense of self; suffering, happiness and every little thought —good or bad— running through his mind were left behind. Or, for a more accurate description, like his *Las Vegas* – for his sense of hedonism lied here; and what happens here, stays here.

Soviet took notice of how tense his crew member was upon a closer look at her. Even though she was now trying to keep her focus on her task ahead —cleaning filters and panels—, her exaggerated gulps of oxygen weren't easy to overlook. "I take it you've never been up here before." He said, trying to express just how relaxed he was to perhaps ease her mood a bit, only to end up sounding a bit more smug than he intended to. "Well, it's not like I can drive here every Sunday." Came her response, her tone dry and matter-of-fact in her quite pleasant southern Ukrainian accent.

He snickered as quietly as he could, which obviously did not go unnoticed through the radio. "Sorry." Even though it was more playful than serious, this *apology* was as much as anyone could expect from him. He didn't even apologize to Russia after he misplaced the boy's permission slip, subsequently causing him to miss the field trip he had been looking forward to for months. And that had been less than two weeks ago.

With her face a bit more pale than it was a few seconds ago, she replied. "We've been here for a week, I just want to finish this." She was interrupted by her own surprised gasp as the bolt she had been screwing suddenly came off, rapidly floating away into the emptiness of space before Soviet gracefully caught it. Giving it back, with the same smile as before, making the female blush out of intense embarrassment. "Thanks." She gulped down another big breath before putting the bolt away, drifting her focus onto another one.

Soviet once again looks off into the distance to stare at the view of the Earth. "What's so special about it?" Tatiana calls out to him, effectively getting him to look back at her. "I've never seen a person so dumbstruck before– I can almost see your drool." He chuckles at this, a faint pink glow barely noticeable adorning his cheeks.
His cheek muscles were cramping from smiling, but he couldn't stop himself.

"It's just so– So uncanny, and frightening in a way... It makes me feel fragile, but at the same time, it makes me feel bigger than anyone else." As he spoke, his voice devoid of all humor, his smile slowly faded away to be replaced with an almost melancholic look on his face as he stared at the glowing blue giant ahead of him. "And, look at it. It's so small! Like a baby, hanging in the void, infested with grief. I need to protect it, from the greed of the capitals who are hurting it."

Tatiana's eyes drifted from the man to the planet, and her mind played thousands of images from places she's never been to and people she's never really met —people who don't have clean water to drink, people who go to bed hungry every night— and she was suddenly hit in the gut by an immense feeling of helplessness. He's right; Earth is so small, and they can just stare.

"Дух 8, do you copy?"

The serene silence is once again interrupted by Mission Control. "Mission Commander here." Soviet reponded, as Tatiana screwed the last bolt. "Abort mission. Repeat: abort mission." They both stop what they're doing, the brightness in their faces faltering slowly. "Cloud of debris orbiting at 31.000 km per hour, overlapping your trajectory. Begin re-entry procedures immediately, Commander."

"Copy that." Soviet hastily unharnessed himself from the ship and flung into action. "Tatiana, immediate return to the Дух." The woman's soft breathing becomes more labored, putting away her tools with difficulty.

"Commander, visual of debris at ten o'clock." His head snaps up at the words of one his crew members, and catches a large object spiraling towards them at an increasing speed. Tatiana struggles to detach the safety tether strapped to her waist.

As Soviet hurries to help her, another object hurls by them, too close for comfort anymore, followed by small piece of debris hitting the ship and nearly hitting them.

"Go back inside!" Tatiana yells out, her voice weak and out of breath. Soviet's eyes widen as they see more debris zooming in faster from all directions. He can't leave her alone, but time's almost up.

A piece of debris pierces through the right wing of the Дух 8, creating a giant hole on it.

"COMMANDER, GET INSIDE THE SHIP RIGHT NOW!"

Another impact like a cannon ball detaches the entire panel off, which spins away with Tatiana still attached to it causing Soviet to be pushed off the structure, spinning further away into nothingness.

He can only call out as the panel of the ship diminishes into a tiny dot in the distance. "TATIANA, DETACH! DETACH RIGHT NOW!" He can hear the woman's accelerated breathing, but he can no

longer get a visual of her. An ear-piercing scream erupts before her voice is lost to static.

Without her voice on his ears the danger of his own situation finally sets on his mind, as he rotates in an endless free-fall.

Slowly spinning, drifting into emptiness.

Eyes wide open, staring into a terrifying abyss.

Inhaling. Exhaling. Losing oxygen by the second.

His eyes shut, as he tries to regain his calm and breath deeply to conserve oxygen. He begins to focus, and opens his eyes to scan through the enveloping darkness. His legs and arms feel weightless as he floats from end to end. Only now does he realize how different the stars look here without the light and air pollution of Earth. They're so lonely. Just like him.

Suddenly, a thought invades his mind. His wife, (Y/n). *Will he ever see her again?*

The thought is enough for him to collect himself, and gain a new sense of determination. *Yes, he will.*

"Дух 8, do you copy?" Silence. He blinks, and attempts to keep his new-found composure. "Mission Control, do you copy?" He tries again, only to be met by silence again.

Mildly alarmed now, he gazes around. Spinning in the darkness, waiting.

"Mission Commander here. I'm off structure and I'm drifting. Do you copy?" Nothing.

Words roll off his tongue like prayers begging to be heard. "Please copy... Please... Please..."

A soothing sound reaches his ears. A soft, childish; "Please."

The memory vivid in his head. Ukraine had just learnt to say 'please' and 'thank you', and now that's all he says. He smiles when remembering how the toddler would pester his older brother, or even him sometimes. Even though Russia gets more irritated than he himself does, for obvious reasons.

Tears begin to sting his eyes but he refuses to open them and lose the image playing in his head like a movie. His family is all he can think on, all he *wants* to think on. Every little moment —big and small— replays on his mind. Oh, how he wants to hold Ukraine in his arms right now, spin him around and hear his baby screech with joy. And spend time with Russia, help him with his projects and see his eyes lit up with every anecdote he tells him. And go to his wife (Y/n) after that, and just dance with her in the living room, holding her close to him as he feels her soft heartbeat against his racing one.

Would it be greedy to say he wants another kid? He wants a girl so badly. Even though the thought of messing up scares him, to have a little flower to protect and spoil seems like completion to him. It'd be a challenge, as he sees himself far too rough and aggressive to raise a girl, but he'd be more than happy to try to change for her if given the chance.

His eyes snap open as the radio crackles and a voice breaks his train of thoughts. "Commander! Do you copy?! Repeat: do you copy?"

A flickering star begins to thicken in the distance.

"Repeat: do you copy?"

His eyes water as he watches the figure of a cosmonaut take shape.

His eyes snap open suddenly, to find (e/c) ones stare back at him, widened and terrified. He doesn't recall sitting up, and the first thing he notices is how all the covers are on the floor. He feels a delicate hand guiding his head to rest against a warm chest, and only then does he notice how much he's sweating. He can hear this racing pulse against his ear, and he can hear Ukraine cry in the other room. He knows something is wrong, but just can't understand what.

It's all confusing to him, bits and pieces of a dream appear from time to time on his mind. The name Tatiana Vasilieva; who, according to the state, is not a real person. A spaceship called Дух 8; which there is no record of.

Yet, it all feels too real.

It scares him.

Hey.

So, maybe you haven't noticed this (most likely, and I don't blame you), but there's a hidden message about my well-being and my sanity in this innocent fic. And, truth is, I've reached a point where I'm just desperate to talk to someone. I've never been scared about what's in my mind, but lately I just get the feeling that whatever is inside of me is gonna end up eating me whole. I've been sick for most of my life and just recently found out that I'm growing too tired to keep fighting.

The worse thing that can happen to an astronout in space is losing contact with Ground Control, so I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoy writing things for you, how therapeutic it is to pour all my feelings here and how reassuring it is to get your kind feedback. Even if there's times where I can't get back to you, through the pain and the tears, I hear you, Ground Control.

Thank you for your attention. For your support. For everything.

Thank you.

Good Morning

[image]

I just wanted to slow down a little a have a little chat.

For the longest time since I uploaded the last piece I've been very worried about every one of you. I left you with a weird encrypted message about my well-being and I can tell many of you took it the wrong way and begun worrying way too much about me —way more than you should.

I wanted to give you an update on how I'm doing, and also to let you know how this book is going.

For the time being I'm not writing anything. But fret not, my focus has just been shifted somewhere else; and it's a healthy new focus, so bonus poins!

And that means I decided to go on **hiatus**. Not forever, just for a little while —hopefully. For all I know I could be back tomorrow with a brand new fic, but the option of never coming back is still on the table, that's why I decided to do this. It wouldn't be fair to leave without having said anything so at least I'm here now, explaining everything.

Just know that, no matter what happens, you did all you could and I appreciate it immensely. It's not because of you, it's my decision.

If any of the people I consider my friends are here, hi! Thank you for lending me a hand where I needed it, and for everything else!

To everyone else, hi! I hope you have enjoyed everything I did so far, because it was for only you to enjoy! I hope to see you again soon.

Thank you for your support, if there's any question you want answered leave it now in the comments down below, needless to say I always read the comments even though I'm inactive. <3
Goodbye, please remember how much I love you!

Good Evening, Y'all

[image]

Y'all's favorite drama queen **is back**! For reals this time, **hiatus is over**!

My mental health is better than ever, if I may say so myself. I'm in a really good place, both mentally and physically. The days where I feel depressed or hear voices inside my head not belonging to me can be counted with the fingers of my hand, which, according to my psychiatrist, is such a good progress!

I do have a few debts to pay and no money to pay them with, and classes are right on the corner so I can't just devote myself to a full time-job anymore. But, as Thanos would put it, everything is perfectly balanced.

However, the bad news is that I haven't been writing anything in my spare time. Inspiration has always been there, in fact, it is still here, I just didn't devote any time to it. I also noticed an increasing lack of quality in my way of wording phrases over the past few months, which is alarming considering I am an aspiring script writer who is now struggling to finish at least one page of her many script ideas. But I'm sure a few months of non-rest writing will help me overcome this, just like it used to do with my writer's blocks.

So I'm here to ask for your help. If you're still here, how about you shoot me a dm with a request to write something, or recommend me a book that can help me get my sorry ass to writing again. It'd be much appreciated, as it would help me immensely!

I really missed this fandom and the community we've built together, so just let me say how thankful I am that many of you still support me this far! <3 I won't let you down, and, who knows? Maybe one of your favorite books I've written will be getting revisited soon~

Stay tuned! Thank you for your attention and I hope for your support.

America x Reader - Better Than Him ( )

[image]

I wanted to try something fairly different. This is basically porn with little to no plot or context, if you're into that leave a comment and vote please 'cause I don't know if I did it good.

Anywho, I hope you enjoy!

Every movement. Every touch. Every word.

It was so much for you, filling your senses until you couldn't handle it anymore. Driving you over the edge again and again.

Oh, how irresistible was his way to satiate your hunger. Scratching the deepest itch from inside of you, roughly making his way through your very core into your eternal soul.

Only the way he could do it.

The way his hands would aggresively grab onto your thighs, his tongue running up your sweating neck with sinful thirst.

His way of thrusting his manhood deeply into you, so much, that it'd make you go blind each time.

The way he would whisper dirty words into your ears, making you scream with desire and lust like you've never felt before.

It all made you go insane, slowly but surely lose your mind to the corrupt union that you share with him.

The way only he can do it.

Even when your lungs feel like they'd explode at any minute, and

the knot inside you felt too tight to keep it in anymore.

You savoured the moment with greed, digging your nails into his back as your bodies become one, fitting like two puzzle pieces, meant to be together.

Only with him.

And he wouldn't stop, oh no, his insatiable ways, as he'd forcefully drag you up by your hips, thrusting them up in the air as he enters you again.

Stealing more sweet noises that blend into a chorus of longing and craving. Making up a symphony of moans and whimpers that becomes candy to his ears, a prize to enjoy.

One that he rejoices of, for it wasn't easy to steal.

How your vision blurries out as your eyes are forced to the back of your head, your mouth hanging open and your hands cramping from your grasp on the bedsheets.

He'd get a vision to die for, of your luscious lips, as tears fall from your eyes into your open mouth.

Tears that only he could create.

It should be painful, but all you can feel is an undying pleasure overcoming all of your being to leave you as vulnerable as your first day on Earth.

A slap made a scream escape from your parted lips. A name, and not any name.

His name.

In your broken, loud voice as your mind fights to stay conscious to enjoy every scene of this forbidden movie.

A movie that you'd only allow him to be the antagonist of.

Oh, how crazy it drove you to have this perfect body lining up and

ravaging your entrance time and time again.

The indicent sounds of skin slapping against skin, were such delicate melodies to appreciate only with the one you want.

And that one was him, no doubt about that.

Nobody else.

It was difficult to get into his eye-sight back in the day, more difficult it was to get him to speak a word to you.

Now that you have exactly what you wanted, and more, you couldn't help but being greedy.

You wanted to feel him destroy you, conquer you.

Have his rude way on you.

Take you in the kitchen while you're making breakfast.

Claim you in the back of his car at any time.

It only became more risqué from then on.

That might explain why you're not in your room, nor his.

You're in his brother's.

Sharing a moment nobody would approve of.

Filling the void that a boy just cannot fill.

And as he gives a last thrust, a broken moan coming out of his mouth to bounce around these walls you came to despise, he fills you up with a hot seed full of promises and opportunities.

He attempts to catch his breath, letting himself fall besides you as he tangles his arms around you, whispering now sweeter words.

Caressing your hair with such gentleness, as an exhausted reward.

And you bask in all his attention, feeling so full and content now

that you've had your way.

In a couple of seconds, America will already be getting dressed to leave, insisting you do the same.

For your husband will arrive soon.

You begrudgingly do, resisting the need to fall alseep on his manly arms.

And in a few more minutes, a car will pull over on the garage.

Canada will happily greet his family, lovingly placing a kiss on your lips.

The same lips that have been completely ravaged by his brother not too long ago.

And since that isn't enough to show you how much he's missed you, he shows you a gift box he kept hidden in his pocket.

A diamond ring.

Fake tears leave your eyes as you lunge towards him, tangling your legs on his torso and kissing his entire face.

Watching America's jealous face from the corner of your eyes, smirking at him as you hug his brother, your husband.

Oh, you'll be punished for that.

And you'll definitely love it.

For America...

Is **better than him**.

Headcanons #1

[image]

My humor is fucking stoopid~ ✧

Being America's Daughter

America and his daughter:

[image]

America's daughter on her way to marry someone who is not Russia:

https://youtu.be/hk_475uHCGA

South Korea finding out he has to marry America's daughter:

https://youtu.be/MjsVtMnh120

America knowing his daughter is fucking depressed:

https://youtu.be/fNHH9ZMcPXY

Being Russia's Mother

USSR literally all the time:

https://youtu.be/ttN25j5aNXk

Russia in literally everything I write about him:

https://youtu.be/K7Cz6Na08-c

Reader after she married USSR:

https://youtu.be/he9AfhUWj2U

Some things...

Reader after she cut Russia off from her life:

https://youtu.be/3z7QNIDI5aA

Russia's heart:

https://youtu.be/llz3051awis

It Was A Secret

Martial Law after finding the Reader:

https://youtu.be/xvptZXDYUF0

Broken Dreams

Everyone in the bunker:

https://youtu.be/UXeEGnYlcAk

Patience

UK trying to be strong for his family:

https://youtu.be/yxuk2Wrj8yU

Reader giving birth:

https://youtu.be/aVi7ZOQD9AA

Living With Russia, Germany and America

America:

https://youtu.be/uPbFTj8w0q0

Russia:

https://youtu.be/fM0LCnVyGiI

Germany:

https://youtu.be/kneWJqiEIOQ

Reader moves in:

https://youtu.be/fnSSn-9pPxw

They go to Ikea together:

https://youtu.be/ezObCuDyB3Y

Wild Jerry appears:

https://youtu.be/pT8Y3fiqx7M

Reader fucking murders him:

https://youtu.be/l2unX7tXjr4

When they hide the body:

https://youtu.be/wdAbqww77BY

Police be like:

https://youtu.be/lMTnzukYDUM

Wait no that's a spoil-

Ladies and Gentlemen

We got 'im.

Hey what's up my fellow canines

Sorry, wrong chat.

Anyway ✧

I wanna jump in here to tell you something I might regret right after I post this... But it must be done.

I'm sick and tired of unproductivity and procrastination. And... Sadly, I'm also tired of this fandom.

Let me say it, I'm not at all tired of you people. I love you and will forever remember your names (or your username since idk your real names lol). Your support has helped me through the toughest part of my life, and this stupid ass fandom that we built together meant the world to me at some point.

Y'all better not forget about belongstoDisney. That fucker believed and continues to believe in you.

But... That fucker has also decided enough is enough.

I might post a few requests that I had planned before corona time started munching away all my inspiration.

But... This is The End.

If you wanna know the reasons, I will kinda list them down below for the record. But if you just wanted to know the announcement, here you got it folks.

I'm leaving.

I enjoyed our time together, and I want to dedicate y'all a song that

means a lot to me. It is dramatic, it is awesome, it is just like me. And you might hear it someday in a movie directed by yours truly. Who knows.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=12R4FzIhdoQ

Now, let's get into the reasons shall we. The main reason is also the reason why the first book in the fandom closed. Toxicity.
It's not as fun as Britney Spears made it sound. I've seen it first hand on Instagram. And I hate it.

Other reasons include... Oh! Who would've thought? My age!
It sounds stupid but I'm way too old to hang around a fandom popularly known as being for little girls.
I am twenty Juan at the time of writing this. How old are you? Older? I doubt that.

A

nd the last reason I want to write about is simply... I'm tired.
People grow tired of their hobbies all the time. Most come back after a few months or so... Some don't come back at all.
I promise you this; I will finish requests. Because I gave my word to people who wanted nothing more than to support me.
So you ain't really heard the last of me.

But yeah, this is it. The last author's note. The last life update. And as you play the song, realizing how truly extra I am, I want you to please go back and re-read this book. Comment down below what age you were when you read chapter one, comment what you thought of my writing style. Maybe a few encouraging words for the future, you know I'm going to keep writing.

But most important of all. Support one another. Not only in this fandom, in every fandom you may be interested in... In real life too, damn it! Love yourself, love your Earth. Love.

And stream Doja Cat she fire.

I'll see you when I see you.
Thank you! ❤